The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1915.

Summary of the News

Negotiations between Secretary Lansing and Count Bernstorff have resulted in what appears to be a complete and satisfactory settlement of the controversy regarding the sinking of the Arabic and probably of the entire question of the German submarine warfare. At a meeting in New York on Saturday, the Ambassador handed to Mr. Lansing a note setting forth the changed attitude of the German Government. This, it is understood, was not completely satisfactory in certain particulars, and the terms were subsequently modified, with the result that late on Tuesday, following another conference in Washington, Secretary Lansing gave out for publication the text of a letter received from Count Bernstorff. On behalf of his Government, the Ambassador accepts the affidavits of British officers that the Arabic had no intention of ramming the submarine, tenders the regrets of the Imperial Government, and expressly disavows the act. He also states the willingness of his Government to pay an indemnity for the lives of American citizens who were lost.

Interest in the Balkans during the past week has eclipsed even that in the results of the offensive of the Allies in the west. That Bulgaria has definitely determined to enter the conflict on the side of the Central Powers is now universally admitted, except by M. Radoslavoff, who continues to insist on the transparent fiction of "armed neutrality." An ultimatum was presented by Russia on Monday, which expired at 4 P. M. (Sofia time) on Tuesday, demanding the instant dismissal from Sofia of German and Austrian officers—who, as Sir Edward Grey announced in the House of Commons on October 1, have been arriving to take charge of the military preparations of Bulgaria—and a definite break with the enemies of the Allied Powers. At the time of writing no reply to the ultimatum has been sent.

Meanwhile Greek mobilization was ratified and a war loan of $30,000,000 authorized by the Greek Chamber of Deputies on September 30, M. Venizelos being on that occasion unreservedly supported by former Premier Gounaris. A French force, numbering, according to some correspondents, 70,000 men, has been landed at Salonica for the support of Servia and Greece. A protest, which was purely formal, was made by Greece against the landing, but all facilities for it were given by the Greek Government. Premier Venizelos explained the circumstances in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday. The session, which lasted till 4:30 o'clock on Tuesday morning, was a stormy one. The Premier urged the fulfilment of the treaty with Servia in "letter and spirit" and the Chamber finally passed a vote of confidence in the Government by 142 to 102, thirteen members not voting. In spite of the attitude of the Chamber, however, according to a dispatch from Athens to the Havas agency yesterday, the Germanophile King Constantine has refused to support the policy of his Ministry and Premier Venizelos, perhaps following the example of Signor Salandra when Italy was on the eve of war, has resigned.

The joint proposals recently submitted to Bulgaria for the cession of Servian territory in Macedonia have been withdrawn, and dispatches in Tuesday's papers recorded the evacuation by Turkish troops of fortresses along the Bulgarian border. The Rumanian Premier, M. Bratiano, according to dispatches from Bucharest on Tuesday, has reiterated his determination to maintain the neutrality of his country. In Bulgaria itself it is considered probable that the prospect of war on the side of Austria and against Russia will be viewed with considerable dissatisfaction by a large section of the population.

The State Department made public on October 1 a long note from Sir Edward Grey replying to charges that the British blockade was operated to prevent American exports to neutral countries while British exports to the same countries had greatly increased in volume. The note freely quotes figures in disproof of the charge and takes especial exception to certain statements in this connection published by Robert P. Skinner, American Consul-General in London. Dispatches from Washington of Monday's date announced that Mr. Skinner had been summoned to Washington for consultation with the State Department in regard to the trade situation existing between the United States and Great Britain.

Subscriptions to the underwriting of the $500,000,000 Anglo-French loan were closed on Tuesday morning. According to reports available as we write the loan has been a complete success and has been considerably over-subscribed, despite the opposition of economists of the type of Mr. Bryan, Mr. Ford, and Mr. Bernard H. Ridder, of "The American Truth Society." The precise terms of the loan were published in the papers of September 29.

Elsewhere we speak of the Armenian atrocities. Count Bernstorff, following his blanket denial, which we recorded last week, sent a communication to the State Department saying that the reports of atrocities were "much exaggerated." If so, the exaggeration is acquiesced in by the American Committee on Armenian Atrocities, a detailed report of whose investigations was published on Monday. On September 30 it was announced that the State Department had placed an informal request before Count Bernstorff asking that he use his influence with the German Government to intervene on behalf of the Armenians in Turkey.

Evidence multiplies of the utter breakdown of the German submarine campaign. Mr. Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty, in the House of Commons on September 30 declined to make public any statistics showing the number of German submarines that had been captured or destroyed on the ground that no figures could be given with sufficient certainty to warrant their official publication. It becomes increasingly evident, however, that the measures developed by the British Admiralty for defence against submarines have proved successful. This view was confirmed by dispatches from Washington published in the morning papers of last Saturday as well as by an article by Capt. Persius in the *Berliner Tageblatt* of September 9, evidently preparing the German public for an admission of the failure of the submarine campaign. Since we wrote last week only three vessels, two Norwegian steamers and one British sailing-ship, have been reported destroyed by submarines.

The State Department on October 1 gave out a descriptive list of the sixteen documents forwarded by Ambassador Page from London, which had been taken by the British authorities from James F. J. Archibald, the unofficial messenger of Dr. Dumba. The latter received orders for his recall and a safe conduct through the British zone last week and sailed from New York on Tuesday.

Another diplomatic officer to be disciplined is T. St. John Gaffney, American Consul at Munich, who has achieved notoriety on account of his ventilation of anti-British views. Mr. Gaffney's resignation was requested by the State Department last week. In Sunday's papers was published the recalled Consul's own explanation of his activities.

Not unconnected, one may assume, with the disastrous result of Dr. Dumba's activities on behalf of his down-trodden countrymen was the letter, published in Sunday's papers, addressed by Sir Cecil Spring Rice, the British Ambassador, to British Consuls throughout the United States, warning them as to the limitations of their privileges as diplomatic representatives in a neutral country.

The Belgian Minister last week presented a memorandum to the State Department dealing with allegations that the Germans have violated the Hague conventions in forcing Belgians to perform work for the German army.

A severe hurricane swept over New Orleans and the Mississippi Gulf coast on September 29. According to recent reports the loss of life was approximately 300 and of property $12,000,000.

The reopening of the Panama Canal, which it had been expected would take place on Tuesday, has been postponed on account of further slides. Lieut.-Col. Harding, it was announced on Monday, has recommended to the Secretary of War the closing of the Canal until November 1.

We have to record two remarkable achievements in experimentation with the wireless telephone which occurred last week. On September 29 Secretary Daniels announced the successful transmission of wireless telephone messages from the United States Naval Radio station at Arlington to the Naval Radio station at Mare Island, Cal., a distance of some 2,500 miles. On the following day the American Telephone & Telegraph Company announced that a telephone message had been transmitted from Washington to Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, a distance of 4,600 miles.

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The Week

The comments of leading German newspapers on the Allied offensive make curious reading. Their favorite theme is the contrast between what the French and British are achieving on the western front and what was accomplished by the Germans and Austrians in their tremendous sweep through Galicia and Poland. That the contrast exists, there is, of course, no question; but that it is an occasion for the particular kind of vainglorious boasting in which these German journalists indulge is something which the non-Teutonic mind must find it hard to grasp. Everybody gave Hindenburg and Mackensen and the Germans generally credit for a magnificent military achievement in their eastern campaign, in spite of the obvious and enormous disadvantages under which their enemy labored; but when they profess to believe that Gen. Joffre and Gen. French had looked forward to making as clean and swift a job of driving the Germans out of their intrenchments in France, they are talking what in the homely speech of the blödsinnige Yankees is denominated as buncombe. These writers make much of the fact that the attack had been many months preparing, but they apparently regard the circumstance that the defence had been a whole year preparing, with munitions, defensive apparatus, equipment, and organization on a scale unapproached in the world's history, as a point of too trivial importance to take into account. What the German people themselves think of the situation it is of course impossible to tell; but it is quite certain that the terrible toll of lives, piled on what has gone before, will, if unaccompanied by anything more satisfactory to reflect upon than these hollow comparisons, set multitudes of Germans to thinking harder than ever of the wisdom of "fighting to the last man."

The Kaiser shedding tears over France, decadent and doomed because guilty of atrocities in war, ought to be commemorated in art. A German sculptor could make a touching statue of him in that attitude, the Imperial tears being rendered as realistic as Bismarck's spurs. The affecting monument should be set up in Liège, or before the portals—if they could be found—of the University of Louvain. Or the successor of Wildenbruch might write an historical drama bringing in the Emperor mourning over the decay of chivalry in France. Burke's famous lament could be worked in, and extracts piously made from the "pure French" in which Wilhelm told the correspondent of his sadness because the France of which he had cherished hopes so high had fallen like Lucifer. And then either drama or statue would be to posterity a standing refutation of the charge that the Hohenzollerns were destitute of humor.

The rise and fall of the submarine is the history of almost precisely a twelvemonth. On September 22, 1914, a German U boat sank the British cruisers Aboukir, Cressy, and Hogue in the North Sea, and the British Empire was tottering. On October 2, 1915, a dispatch from Washington, which found its way to the front page of a great many papers, announced that the British Empire was saved because the submarine peril was "ended." We shall not be far out of the way if we detect in this widely circulated dispatch from Washington the inspiration of the big-ship people as against the mosquito-fleet people, now that discussion of naval defence is drawing to a head in Administration circles. A year ago the undersea boat had scrapped the Dreadnought. To-day the big ship and the destroyer have scrapped the submarine. Such dramatic fluctuations impress the public mind. From the unseen terror of the seas, the U boat is by way of becoming the joke of the seas, a frail cockleshell that may be caught in nets, that may be "bombed" from aeroplanes, that may be put out of business by a couple of men in a swift motor-boat with a gun. But when you have read the whole story, the first impression that a sovereign remedy against the submarine had been discovered rather thins out. You read that the British fleet has tamed the submarine by means of submarine telephones which herald its approach, by establishing destroyer patrols, by spreading nets along the most frequented channels of traffic, by planting special mines, by using fleets of swift motor-boats, by spying from aeroplanes, by keeping thousands of trawlers on perpetual guard. In other words, if the submarine peril has been ended, it is apparently through the most strenuous efforts of every conceivable kind.

The truth is, of course, that amateur discussion on the subject has overlooked the vastly different conditions which obtain in the war in the North Sea, and those that would be met if we were at war. In the first place, the submarine has been tied up with the question of national defence, whereas Europe's experience has shown that the submarine is primarily a weapon of offence. Germany has not been saved from invasion by her submarines, but by her coast defences. Great Britain's submarines are the only weapon precisely which has not been employed to end the submarine peril of the enemy. As a weapon of offence, the submarine must mean one thing against England, with her narrow waters marking out the routes along which the food supply vital to her national life must come in, and another thing to the United States, with our immense coast line and our virtual independence of foreign sources of suppply. England's solution of the submarine peril, therefore, means very little to us, since the submarine could hardly be used against us. But if it is the weapon that we are to use against the foreign invader, it is evident that its limitations must be carefully studied. Against a fleet blockading our coasts the submarine would be useful.

Military events in the west and the crisis in the Balkans have diverted attention from the Russian battlefields, so that an event upon which observers have been speculating for months has come to pass with little notice. We refer, of course, to the end of the Russian retreat, the end of the greatest sustained operation of the war. The Teutonic drive which began in Galicia on May first has run nearly as long as the entire course of the Franco-German War of 1870-71, if we count from the first German victories near the Rhine to the capitulation of Paris. For months, as one Russian line of defence after another gave way, the world was asking where the Czar's armies would make their stand. The expectation was of a sudden turning by the pursued armies and a great battle in which the Germans, if not defeated, would yet be brought to a halt. But the end has come in less abrupt and dramatic fashion. Gradually the onset of the Germans has been spending itself. Gradually the Russian armies gathered breath and strength, until to-day a balance of forces has been struck, and we seem on the eve of the long-awaited development, German intrenchment and deadlock. At only one point in the line is there a possibility of a further movement. Von Hindenburg may yet take Dvinsk, possibly Riga. But even such a development would not mean the continuance of the great pursuit. The other sections of the front are too far removed to be directly affected by the outcome in the north. The battle line to-day is where it was two weeks ago, according to the semi-official description of September 23 from Petrograd.

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From the Gulf of Riga it runs parallel to the Dvina, crosses the Vilna-Petrograd railway to the south of Dvinsk, stretches along the chain of lakes and streams south of that city, passes west of the Baranovitch railway junction, east of Novogrudok, just east of Pinsk, and then along the Styr River to Tarnopol in Galicia. This is the probable line along which the winter campaign will settle down.

For the $500,000,000 loan to the French and English Governments — running five years, bearing 5 per cent. interest, sold to the underwriters at 96 and to the investing public at 98, payable in American gold values, and offered in denominations as low as $100—the American bankers have closed an underwriting contract. The loan now faces the secondary stage of distribution to American investors. From every point of view, it is a remarkable undertaking. Until this year, no loan of any European Government was ever offered for popular subscription in this country. Our banks bought $208,000,000 of the British Government's 2¾ per cent. Boer War loans of 1900 and 1901, but sold them back to London later, without offering them to the American public. In 1904 and 1905 $130,000,000 Japanese war loans were taken by our investing public, and many of those bonds are still owned here. But that was not a European loan; not until this present year were even short-term bonds of such states as France and Switzerland bought by our investors. Nor are these the only unusual facts about the pending loan. Its total amount is larger than any loan ever offered by the United States Government, since the Civil War; and even with the $515,000,000 6 per cents which our Government authorized in 1862, the sale was spread out over a long series of months. Our Spanish War loan of 1898 was only for $200,000,000, though it elicited offers to subscribe which aggregated $1,500,000,000. No railway or corporation loan for more than $100,000,000 has ever been placed by public subscription in this country.

The circumstances under which the pending European loan was offered are even more exceptional. No two European governments have ever before combined in a joint loan. No government of the highest class has ever before placed a loan in a foreign country, contracting to pay interest and principal in the money of that country, and engaging that all the proceeds shall be spent in that country's commercial markets. The reasons for this stipulation are of a quite exceptional character; they do not indicate, as has usually been the case with Chinese, Argentine, and Turkish loans floated in Europe, that the lending bankers made such an arrangement their ultimatum. The well-recognized problem presented by the negotiations of the Anglo-French loan was to establish a credit fund in America, on which those Governments might draw to pay for American purchases, instead of drawing exchange on London against all of them. No way of checking the consequent demoralizing fall in sterling exchange seemed to exist except the establishment of this American credit. It was to the interest of London and Paris that expenditure of the proceeds in America should be stipulated. The fixing of "dollar values" for the bonds was equally natural, under the circumstances.

The report of the American Committee on Armenian Atrocities not only confirms previous accounts, but throws the responsibility for repeated persecutions squarely upon Constantinople. The first statements concerned murder and torture chiefly in Van, Trebizond, and the Caucasus region, where they might have been traceable to irresponsible Governors. It is now clear that by general orders the Turkish Government has tried to strip all the provinces of Armenia of their population, and that nearly 1,500,000 people have been set marching towards the Mesopotamian wilderness to live among Arab and Kurdish savage tribes. The consequent suffering is vividly set forth in the 20,000 words of original narratives sent to the Committee from all parts of Armenia. There is already in this country an American Armenian Relief Fund Committee, which has issued repeated appeals for assistance. The most effective action that can be taken by the neutral nations of the world is in exerting moral, if not diplomatic, pressure upon the German Government to check its ally. German representatives in this country should already be able to let Berlin understand how severely it will suffer in public sentiment if it does not attempt to call a halt upon Turkey's ruthless official orders and her deliberate inflaming of ruthless tribes. When the Kaiser first extended a friendly hand to Turkey in 1898, following the atrocities denounced by Gladstone, it is melancholy to remember that the hope was expressed that he might exercise the restraining influence now so much needed.

We are glad to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the offer of one of the "moderately rich" to give $2,000 to a war-relief fund, provided nine other readers of the *Nation* agreed to do likewise, has elicited generous replies not only from members of his designated class, but also from a representative of the "moderately poor." In our issue of last week we published a letter from a resident of Chicago who threatened to contribute $2,000 for the benefit of sufferers from the European war whether or not ten readers of the *Nation* could be found of like mind. And in the issue of to-day there is a communication from a third person willing to donate $2,000 and one from a man blessed with fewer worldly possessions who nevertheless has come forward with a check for $100. It is a source of great satisfaction to the *Nation* that through its columns the work of ameliorating the conditions of those who are experiencing the most extreme privations is in some measure advanced. We trust that other readers may be found who will feel impelled to give of their means, and thus to help on a service well worth their devotion. For convenience we append a list of four agencies in New York city to which contributions may be made: Belgian Relief Commission, 281 Fifth Avenue; Polish Victims' Relief Fund, 33 West 42d Street; German Red Cross, 1123 Broadway, Serbian Agricultural Relief Committee, 70 Fifth Avenue, and the American Committee on Armenian Atrocities, care of Charles R. Crane, 70 Fifth Avenue.

In the delicate task of preparing a platform on which the Progressives can unite with them, the Massachusetts Republicans have done well. Charles Sumner Bird's letter to Candidate McCall showed that there is no insuperable obstacle in the way of a reunion. The Progressive leader emphasized the necessity of including "the social welfare planks that have been a part of the Progressive platform," and of castigating a national Democratic Administration that "endangers the domestic well-being, as well as the national safety, of the country." Mr. Bird admitted that McCall had won his nomination upon his advocacy of progressive social measures; and certainly the recent record of Bay State legislation, Democratic and Republican, shows no indifference to advanced lawmaking. The platform which the Republicans adopted on Saturday of last week advocates a Constitutional Convention, biennial elections, a short ballot, an executive revision of the tariff by an independent commission,

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and national legislation upon hours of labor and the employment of women and children. As for castigating Democracy, it denounces the Mexican policy, the tariff, and the failure to effect military and naval preparedness. Could Mr. Bird ask any more? After his letter, the great number of voters who look to him and to Joseph Walker—also ready to return—will find it hard to agree to the statement of the irreconcilable Progressive candidate, Nelson B. Clark, that reunion is unthinkable.

The decision of the United States District Court at Philadelphia against the so-called Moving-Picture Trust reaffirms the principle laid down in previous cases, that the right of a patentee cannot override the barrier against illegal restraint of trade. Monopoly in a sense and to a certain degree is conferred by the granting of a patent, but not monopoly in every sense and to any degree. The other argument put forward by the defendants may strike laymen as a bit odd for serious presentation in a court. The judges found it possible, however, to treat it seriously while denying its validity. "Very laudable" it terms the motives advanced, although these were admittedly mixed, being compounded of a "desire to allay bickering and recriminations" among the defendants, "to advance and improve the art, to protect the morals of the public," and, incidentally, "to make money." The court sees these motives, but it sees also the illegal restraint of trade that their carrying out in the way attempted by the Trust would involve, and so finds its course clear. To the ingenuity of the defendants it leaves the devising of a method for dissolving the combination with a minimum loss of its ethical and pecuniary advantages.

Less than six months ago the wires carried the first uninterrupted telephone conversation between New York and San Francisco; on Wednesday of last week wireless speech was transmitted between the Naval Station at Arlington, Va., and Mare Island, Cal., a distance of 2,500 miles, and then, to make the wonder even greater, between Washington and Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, a distance of 4,600 miles. Since communication was established by wireless telegraphy between Europe and America in 1907, it has been a foregone conclusion that wireless telephony would soon cover equal distances. The achievement which Secretary Daniels has announced, however, comes with startling suddenness, for we have heard little of the experiments on a smaller scale which would supposedly precede it. What the development of wireless telephony will be, only the future can show, and it will undoubtedly be great. But there can be no tendency to repeat the mistake of a decade ago, when men talked of wireless telegraphy as bound to send all our network of copper wires to the scrap heap. Like Marconi's invention, wireless telephony will be a supplement to, not a substitute for, the vast machinery of wire telephony and telegraphy which the world has built up, and an extension of the range and usefulness of the wire systems. Over the oceans, lakes, and deserts, and other regions where it is impossible to string wires, it should have an immense value. It is predicted that apparatus will at once be devised to enable motor-boats, yachts, and coastwise steamships to communicate with the shore, and that new efforts will be put forth to conquer the atmospheric disturbances which have interfered so much with all wireless communication. Its rivalry with wireless telegraphy will probably be much the same as the rivalry between the old telephone and telegraph.

For the years of the war, Columbia will have been the largest university in the world. If she achieves the expected registration of 18,000 by next spring, she will beyond much doubt have reached a lasting primacy. Only by going back over the record of the last decade can the amazing growth of the Morningside institution be appreciated. It was not until 1907 that the total of students passed six thousand. In 1909 it was 8,400; in 1911, 10,350; in 1913, 13,600. Already, with many late registrations for this semester and all those of next February to be added, the registration has reached 14,575. The largest single factor in this growth has been the extension courses. It is to be hoped that they may be expanded and made the means of reaching a greater and greater mass of the public; and that it will not be thought necessary to push further the action just taken in increasing tuition. For this year the second largest factor is apparently the election of graduate courses by many students who would normally have gone to Europe. Universities without large summer or extension schools will call in question the justice of using Columbia's figures in comparison with their own, which represent only full-time students. But even in resident students Columbia's total is first in America, and it is quite proper to use her larger figures parallel with those, for example, of the loosely organized student body of the University of Paris.

A literary restoration of some note is that of Bronson Alcott's "Fruitlands," for which our own and later generations may thank Miss Clara E. Sears, the author of the latest book on the "Consociate Family" of the eccentric lecturer. When Miss Sears bought the place two years ago, the *Dial* records, it was dilapidated, weather-beaten, and empty. Zeal and a generous expenditure of money have now put it back into its condition of sixty-two years ago, when Alcott and his visionary reformers took up their residence there. So far as possible, the original furniture is restored, and Miss Sears writes that "the house is now exactly as it was in 1843. The foundations of the chimneys were intact, so that I was able to rebuild them as they were. The paint had entirely disappeared with time, but under the eaves remained patches of red, and I was able to give it again the old ochre-red color." The old granary has been turned into a home for the caretaker, and during the summer the house is open three days in the week. Visitors may see the community bean-pot, Joseph Palmer's ox-skin money-bag, Charles Lane's cowhide trunk, Mrs. Alcott's Paisley shawl, letters of Louisa Alcott, and Mr. Alcott's spectacles.

The world will prefer to remember Rémy de Gourmont as critic and journalist rather than as satirist and romancer. His most familiar book in English translation, the "Nuit au Luxembourg," is a compound of pseudo-mysticism and worse elements of French decadence; but he was capable of a far more healthy and vigorous note. His activities as editor of the *Mercure de France* continued up to his death, and to him is largely traceable the piquant radicalism of the little blue magazine. The last issues contained some characteristically witty and mordant "Epilogues; M. Croquant et la Guerre." His more earnest side is shown by another recent journalistic contribution to the literature of the conflict, a book upon "Literary Belgium," enthusiastic in its estimate of Verhaeren, Rodenbach, and Maeterlinck. But the solid basis for his reputation as an accomplished writer and an acute if erratic thinker rests upon his three series of "Réflexions sur la Vie," his five series of "Promenades Littéraires," and his books upon style—"Esthétique de la Langue Française" and "Le Problème du Style." If he had too little of serious philosophy, he had a vein from which many curious bits of imagination and speculation could be brought up—and he was never dull.

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BULGARIA'S TACTICS.

For an explanation of Bulgaria's tortuous policy of "armed neutrality," we must look to the same law of necessity which was quoted to justify the invasion of Belgium. That Bulgaria is planning to enter the war on the side of Germany there can now be very little doubt. Sofia denies that Teuton officers have come to her assistance, or that German money has been used for expenses of mobilization. But the charge made by Sir Edward Grey the other day, and formally repeated in the Russian ultimatum, is pretty conclusive evidence as to that. Governments do not usually accuse other Governments in this way unless the facts are clear, nor, what is more important, until the other Government is so committed that there can be no harm in ruffling its feelings. Yet Sofia denies, and she will go on denying until she is ready to strike, at which moment the law of necessity will enter to justify the diplomatic denial. Bulgaria's national existence being at stake, who shall blame her for resorting to a pious subterfuge while arming herself against a possible ring of enemies? In addition, of course, there will be the hostile attitude of Servia, the Greek mobilization, the movement of Allied troops towards the Bulgarian front, to supplement the law of necessity, as justification for Bulgaria's lack of "frankness."

The example of the law of necessity and Belgium might not be altogether encouraging to a nation anxious to make out a moral case, but Bulgaria is not interested in ethics. For the world's opinion she cares little, and for immediate military gain she cares a great deal. On that point Belgium is still there to show that a sudden and ruthless stroke pays. In the present warfare by trenches and siege, that which you grab is fairly easy to hold. A sudden declaration of war, a swift dash into the enemy's territory, and then settle down for the winter and let the enemy go at the business of dislodging you. Seize, intrench, hold on. The Bulgarian army is surely equal in efficiency to the Turkish army, which only three years ago it drove before it almost to the gates of Constantinople. Yet see what the Turks, under German instruction, have been doing for the last six months in Gallipoli. Under present conditions, the first blow counts more than ever, and Bulgaria's "armed neutrality" is plainly directed towards a sudden offensive followed by a long defence. This policy of not hitting out till the very last moment has the added advantage of putting formal responsibility for hostilities on the other side. The Allies, it is reported, in order to guard against a sudden blow at Servia, have landed troops on Greek soil. Bulgaria, then, may profess to have been forced from her policy of "armed neutrality" into war, greatly to her regret.

We take it, therefore, that the course of the Bulgarian Government is determined, and that the Russian ultimatum was not presented with any hope of producing an eleventh-hour change at Sofia, but as a formal step towards a severance of relations. If any appeal is embodied in the note, it is directed not to the Government, but to the people of Bulgaria. To them Russia speaks as the great Slav Power who even to-day is clad with a halo of might and glory for the small and scattered Slav peoples of Europe. She speaks more specifically as the virtual creator of Bulgaria, since it was Russia's armies in 1877-78 that brought into being the nation of to-day. It was the Congress of Berlin that denied to the Bulgarian people the boundaries which Russia won for them at San Stefano, and which they have waged two wars and are preparing to wage a third in order to regain. If one believes too closely in the logic of history, the present is an impossible situation. It is hard to imagine Bulgaria joining hands with Turkey against Russia and Servia, with the Government of the Bashi-Bazouks against the brother-people who first gave the signal for insurrection in the Balkans forty years ago, and against the Power which stepped in and turned that desperate revolt of a handful of people into a successful war of emancipation.

But the Bulgarian Government can point to august examples of flaws in the logic of history, and so far as the Bulgarian people are concerned, the sense of racial affiliation, though present, no doubt, has been overlaid with recent hatreds and—as the Bulgarians regard it—betrayals. "Armed neutrality" as a preparation for a sudden onset against Servia or Greece is a venial fault indeed to a nation that regards itself as the victim of an outrageous spoliation, carried through by treacherous allies. As between Sofia on the one side and Servia and Greece on the other, there can be no question of honor or punctilio. So Bulgaria's hatred for her former allies supplements the argument from military expediency—strike hard and suddenly. Two years ago, to be sure, in that very war against her allies which resulted so disastrously for her, Bulgaria found that the policy of ruthlessness does not always work. Her sudden attack on the Serbo-Greek forces failed, and when the Bulgarian army fell back on the capital it was only to find that her allies had foreseen a break and had taken precautions, in the form of an agreement with Rumania, which left Bulgaria isolated and encircled.

The question is whether Bulgarian diplomacy has been more circumspect to-day than it was two years ago. In case Bulgaria attacks Servia, she has Greece to reckon with on the west, an Allied army on the south, and possibly Rumania on the north. Among the startling changes in the Balkans, of which the entrance of Bulgaria on Germany's side is one instance, another is that of Greece forced to the side of the Allies after definitely showing her divided sympathies. Has King Constantine been carried off his feet by the force of events? Or has the astute Venizelos, the creator of the first Balkan League, the creator of the Rumanian agreement that preceded the second Balkan war, had his way with the King and reëstablished the arrangement of that year? That may yet turn out to be among the "adequate preparations" which, according to Paris, the Allies have made for all eventualities.

THE EUROPEAN LOAN.

We have received, in regard to the $500,000,000 5 per cent. loan—now placed by the English and French Governments with the American bankers—a number of letters of inquiry or comment. Most of them reached us before the financial public had this week given rather unmistakable evidence of a wish to participate in the loan. Some of them approved the operation unreservedly, and on purely financial grounds. Others argued that, from the financial point of view alone, the transaction would be unwise for the American banks and people. It is to the inquiries or arguments last mentioned that the discussion ought rightly to address itself. The political contention—the argument that to grant the loan would be "unneutral"—has no longer any standing since the facts became known, not only that a $10,000,000 German Government loan was placed in the United States last spring, but that the new war bonds which the German Government is now issuing at Berlin have this month been offered in New York, by public advertisement, to American investors. But the question whether the Anglo-French loan would be a safe investment, or whether our people ought or ought not to lend so great a sum, would still remain open for discussion.

One of these letters of inquiry bluntly

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asks: "Will you tell your readers whether you consider the loan a good investment from a business standpoint, leaving all other reasons out of consideration?" To this question, we reply with equal frankness that we do so consider it. For believing the loan to be a good investment, purely from a business standpoint, there are, in our opinion, three reasons: First, the loan is absolutely sound; of the ability of the two Governments to pay interest and principal at the stipulated time, and in American money as contracted, there appears to us to be not the slightest doubt.

Secondly, the ability of the American investing community to take care of a $500,000,000 loan, if it sees fit to do so, has been proved by many of the familiar tests. These are the almost unexampled magnitude of the idle deposit fund in American banks, the great ease in our money markets, the unusually small aggregate of new home securities which have this year been offered to investors, and the fact that idle funds available for investment have been pressing on the speculative stock market, with such intensity as to create in that quarter a highly undesirable situation. And in the third place, we consider the loan to be a good investment from the purely commercial standpoint, because its purpose is, through use of the proceeds in payment for purchases of American goods, to restore some sort of equilibrium in the foreign exchange market. The abnormal depreciation in that market, and the violent fluctuation of rates, had already begun to reduce many of our largest exporting and importing trades to a footing of precarious speculation.

These, as we see it, are the broader underlying principles. There remain some specific objections raised by our correspondents. One of them argues that the prospect of a victory for the Allies is not over-bright, and that their defeat might subordinate the loan, as a lien on English and French resources, to a huge war indemnity. This is a perfectly proper consideration; it will be judged, however, both by the intrinsic probabilities of precisely that outcome to the war, and by the economic power of the two Governments. Such an indemnity would be provided for, as in France after 1871, by another public loan; therefore the question does not differ in kind from the question whether the two nations are financially able to continue the present war.

Another correspondent lays stress on the fact that fiscal necessities are driving the European belligerents to a basis of irredeemable paper currency. The depreciation of the foreign exchanges, he argues, is either a consequence or a foreshadowing of such conditions; which would gravely impair the soundness of the loan. To this there is one obvious answer—namely, that a Government's inability to redeem its currency in gold has nothing whatever to do with that Government's ability or inability to pay its debts.

On that question, a great deal of mental confusion seems to exist. An inflated and depreciated currency is a grave economic evil; but the financial and economic resources of the country afflicted with it continue to exist. Our own Civil War loans were floated in a period when our currency, irredeemable in gold, sold at as great a discount in our own markets as 60 per cent. Yet even the European markets subscribed to the new United States war loans. They relied on the wealth and economic power of the country. The bonds were paid, interest and principal, in gold, and the stipulation to that effect will be far more binding, in the case of the pending loan, than it was in our own war issues.

One further criticism raised is that to grant the proposed European loan would be "to advance money to a customer who cannot pay for the goods he wants to buy, in order to induce and enable him to buy more." If this were actually the situation, it would provide ground for approaching the operation at least with great caution. But the assertion is based on complete misapprehension. There has at no time been a question of the ability of England and France to pay for their purchases in this country. The loan is offered here, simply in order that, through drafts on a credit fund in America, the Governments concerned may make a part of their American payments without further disturbing the market for international exchange.

Nothing is more familiar, in the history of international finance, than precisely such an operation, arranged for precisely such a purpose. Our own markets have repeatedly sold to England large blocks of new or old American securities, with the same economic end in view. To equalize, through just that process of making loans to a foreign community, the inequalities of an international balance of liabilities, has for decades been the particular office of London as the financial centre of the world. If circumstances have brought it about that the American market occupies, for the time of war, that position of distinction, it cannot reasonably refuse to consider the responsibilities which come with it.

FOR ARMENIA.

Our action in behalf of the unhappy Armenians has so far been confined to an "informal" request addressed to Count von Bernstorff suggesting the exercise of German influence in Turkey. There is no question that the atrocities visited upon the Armenians are inspired from Constantinople as part of a regular policy which continues the worst traditions of the Hamidian tactics. Apparently, the only reply to our plea has been a statement from von Bernstorff quoting the authority of a German Consul to the effect that the reports from Asia Minor have been greatly exaggerated. It is an echo of Germany's curt finality regarding the "armed Lusitania," regarding the "hostile Arabic," regarding ever so many questions upon which a mere assertion from Berlin has been held to establish that a thing is so, in the face of overwhelming evidence to the contrary. But the evidence piling in from Armenia, through missionary, commercial, and private sources, refuses to be so dismissed. The intimation that these charges have been inspired from Petrograd for obvious reasons, is an insult to the disinterested men and women who for years have labored in Turkey and who are in the best position to know. Their evidence is not prejudiced. American missionaries have no dislike for the Turkish people. It is quite the other way. The good qualities of the Mohammedan population, when freed from evil suggestion from Constantinople, have always been emphasized by our missionaries. If they now speak out against what bears many signs of a deliberate attempt to extirpate a race, something more than an "unanswerable" official communication from German sources is called for.

The exigencies of war will not explain the deportations in mass of the Armenian population, not to speak of massacres, enforced conversions, and wholesale imprisonments. When the press of this country protested against the hardships visited upon the people of Poland, and notably the Jews, Petrograd was at pains to emphasize the inevitable conditions arising in an area of war. The answer was insufficient, but it contained a *prima facie* justification. It is different with the Armenians. The fighting in the Caucasus has touched only the frontiers of Turkey. The operations in the Caucasus have from the first assumed the character of deadlock, and are bound so to continue, with no sweeping back and forth of armies such

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as has brought woe upon Poland. It is not in the area of war alone that the Armenians are suffering, but hundreds of miles behind the Turkish front, in Harput, in Sivas, in Marash, in Haidjin. In these remote places there cannot be the slightest question of Armenians lending aid and comfort to the enemy. Thither have flocked the refugees from the frontier of war and the population forcibly deported. The Government's hatred has followed them into their places of refuge. We are evidently dealing, not with the passions and lusts of a war-maddened soldiery, but with a deliberate policy of persecution.

On the grounds of humanity, on the grounds of our special interest in the Armenian people, who, as the *Outlook* states, have come forth as a race largely through the efforts of American missionaries, we are entitled to address our protests in the only quarter where they have a chance of being listened to. If Berlin intimates that the Armenian question has been brought forward as part of a pro-Ally campaign, it will only be assuming that blindly partisan attitude which Berlin is so fond of ascribing to the American press. Our newspapers did not allow their sympathies to stand in the way of sharp protest against Russia's treatment of the Jews. To the extent that there have been Russian atrocities they have been described with great detail in most of the metropolitan newspapers; and between conditions in Poland and in Armenia, so far as the responsibility of the respective Governments and the magnitude of the evil are concerned, there can be no comparison. Nor has our public protest been without avail. The Polish population, expelled by the exigencies of war, have had refuge in the interior of Russia. Measures for their relief, carried on under the limitations of Russian efficiency, are being worked on a large scale. The Jews of the Pale have been permitted to settle everywhere in Russia outside of the two capitals. This may not be evidence of a change of heart on the part of the Russian Government. But if it has been forced by public opinion in neutral countries, there is all the more reason for bringing pressure to bear in behalf of Armenia.

The great difference is that Constantinople is impervious to the opinion of the outside world. The men in control are fighting a desperate battle, and may feel at liberty to disregard neutral susceptibilities. But Berlin has shown recently that it does not hold American opinion so lightly. Were we to exercise pressure directly upon Turkey, the German Government would have much more ground to suspect our motives than if we protest to Berlin. We are thereby recognizing German paramountcy in Turkish affairs, even if we couple German responsibility with German ascendency. We need not emphasize too far the anomalies of the Teuton-Turkish alliance, but a German alliance with a Government that is systematically engaged in destroying a Christian folk must fall sharply even on a world's conscience hardened by many disillusions. So far as sentiment in this country is concerned, Germany's moral battle-front has been irreparably damaged on its northern flank in Belgium. It cannot be that Berlin is content to allow another Belgium to develop on its southern flank in Armenia.

THE ETHICS OF REPUDIATION.

It is a matter of extremely little moment whether Mr. Henry Ford did or did not make the following statement, which has been credited to him in the newspapers:

> If I were to live with the future generations of Europe, I would urge the people to repudiate the debts that are being piled up by their Governments in this war. I believe it is the duty of the people to repudiate them.

Mr. Ford's title to be regarded as an authority upon the fundamental principles of ethics is of the slightest; and as for the question whether the opinion above expressed needs to be taken seriously as a practical matter, the way in which the successive loans of the various warring countries have been taken up sufficiently disposes of that. The thought of infidelity to national obligations is practically non-existent.

Nevertheless, it may be by no means unprofitable to give some thought to this utterance of Mr. Ford's. We have little doubt that he said what has been ascribed to him; and we have no doubt whatever that he is an honest man. And the question is, How can an honest man persuade himself that it is the duty of the people to repudiate a debt contracted for them by their Government? It will be noticed that he does not predicate his view upon any peculiarity in the structure of the Government; he means it to apply as much to France and England as to Germany. The question in his mind is not at all as to the rightfulness of the authority of any of the Governments that control the affairs of the nations to-day; future generations will have the right to repudiate—nay, the duty to repudiate—the obligations incurred for the prosecution of the war, not because the Governments were not legitimately clothed with their powers by the people of to-day, but because the people of to-morrow will know that the use that was made of the power was a bad one. And while the fact that Mr. Ford has expressed this view is in itself unimportant, we have little doubt that there are a number of good persons who feel somewhat the same way, and that the time will come when the people who feel that way will make a good deal of noise in the world.

And yet the notion is in the highest degree vicious, and ought to excite the instinctive abhorrence of every right-thinking man. Let it be granted that the time will come when war will be universally regarded as wrong under all circumstances; that men will not only have found means to prevent all war in the future, but will have come to the conclusion that no nation was ever justified in taking up arms in the past, whatever situation may have confronted it. Let us imagine that men will come to believe that it would have been better for mankind if Greece, instead of fighting at Thermopylæ and Marathon and Salamis, had meekly submitted to the Persian yoke; if Christian Europe had allowed herself to be overrun by the Moslem hordes; if, to come nearer home, the American Union had been dissolved, instead of having been preserved by the devotion of the armies whose last worn remnants passed in pathetic review before the President the other day. Even so, nobody would have either the audacity or the fatuity to say that the soldiers who fought for the right "as God gave them to see the right" were engaged in a criminal enterprise, that the statesmen who directed the country's policy were no better than usurpers, and that consequently any obligations incurred by them on behalf of the nation should be regarded as null and void. And yet, short of this, what possible warrant can there be for repudiating the war debt? Surely, the Englishman, or the Frenchman, or the German who lends his money to the Government in the time of his country's need is not on a lower moral plane than the man who invests his money in other ways; and to repudiate the debt means to rob those who did what was regarded by their countrymen as not only an innocent but a meritorious act, for the benefit of those who chose to make a different use of their possessions.

When we say that we think it not unlikely that this doctrine of the repudiation of war debts will some day make a good deal of noise in the world—which is a very dif-

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ferent thing from saying that it will prevail, or come anywhere near prevailing—we have a very specific reason for expressing that opinion. A precisely analogous doctrine, concerning another great vested interest, was propounded by a writer of rare eloquence and persuasiveness a few decades ago, attracted a great deal of attention, and resulted in the building up of a considerable following, which persists, and even to a considerable extent flourishes, at the present time.

The fundamental teaching of Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" was that property in land is robbery; and, however much this fundamental teaching is overlaid with other matter—some of it distinctly meritorious—the conviction that the ownership of land is robbery, and that its confiscation by the people is a right or a duty, is the rock upon which the faith of Henry George is really built. Our forefathers may have acted right according to their lights; they may have thought—and it may even have been true—that to give individuals the right of permanent ownership of land was the best way to promote agriculture, to encourage thrift, to secure order, to stimulate enterprise, to develop some of the most fundamental of human virtues. It may have been perfectly natural that for these reasons, and for others by no means so good, the institution of private property in land became, ages ago, a basic part of the social and civic organization of all the countries of the world with which we are historically connected, and continued unchallenged to our time.

All this is of not the least consequence to the true Georgeite; once you discover, by a process of reasoning satisfactory to yourself, that land-ownership is criminal, and the man that is landowner ceases to have any rights that you are bound to respect. You don't have to buy him out, and correct the mistake for the future; you simply confiscate, or, if you don't baldly confiscate, you adopt some other course from motives of policy. The question of fair dealing between man and man has nothing to do with the case; in the fierce light of your sudden illumination all such homely considerations fade into nothingness. The cases are as like as two peas; the only question is whether those who have found the doctrine of land-confiscation to their moral taste will be strengthened or weakened in their belief by seeing how easily the same scrap-of-paper view of plain human obligations can be applied in other directions.

A "SCIENTIFIC" PROPHECY.

If Admiral Fiske had written an article to tell us that he was firmly convinced in his own mind that war will forever continue to play as great a part, and the same kind of part, in the future as in the past; that in fact it will in all probability absorb a far greater share of the intellect and energy of mankind than it has yet done; that any expectation of a change in the disposition of nations towards one another is illusory and doomed to sure disappointment—if the gallant Rear-Admiral had set forth these things, in an article in the *North American Review* or elsewhere, everybody would have attached to it just such importance or interest as may naturally be supposed to belong to a personal confession of faith. But almost in the first sentence of his article on "The Mastery of the World," a claim to much more serious consideration is set up: the author says that in his discussion of the subject he proposes to "follow the inductive method of modern science."

The Admiral's idea of "the inductive method of modern science" appears to be so rudimentary that it would be a compliment to call it archaic. We should have to go very far back indeed into the dim beginnings of scientific thought to reach a time when from data so meagre, so undigested, and so vague, conclusions of sweeping import were supposed to be capable of being inferred. Persons of the class that Prof. William James designated as "tough-minded" point out the inadequacy of one of the arguments upon which pacifists base their expectation of a federation of the world which shall insure universal peace. This argument turns on the gradual expulsion of physical force as the agency for settling controversies in one department after another of human life. Broadly speaking, they find that the world has managed to abolish that crude recourse in everything except the relations of nations to one another; and they insist that it will take far less of a change in the instincts and habits of human beings to achieve this last advance than it has taken to accomplish the extinction of internal violence, clan warfare, the vendetta, and the duello. Whether conclusive or not, this reasoning at least makes no pretension to scientific accuracy. Admiral Fiske's argument, on the other hand, seeks to deduce the future of mankind from a crude diagram of its past history; a diagram which, to have any value, would require to be founded upon a great array of carefully ascertained and measured facts, and not upon those vague impressions of the course of history which alone furnish the material for Admiral Fiske's vaticination. And even were the diagram authentic and exact, the next step—that of continuing the curve indefinitely along the line that seemed to be indicated—would be a proceeding so rash that "modern science" is the last quarter to be appealed to for its justification.

"These considerations," says the Admiral, when he is getting on towards the conclusion of his article, "seem to indicate that nations regarded in their relation towards each other will go on in the direction in which they have been going, unless acted upon by some external force. Will civilization, commerce, or Christianity impart that force?" His answer, it is hardly necessary to say, is No. But there is no method known to science by which we can judge of the effects that are even now being produced in the minds of men by the agency of either external or internal forces. Admiral Fiske is peculiarly certain, for example, that commercial factors will in the future be even more potent than in the past in arraying nations against one another in bloody wars. What possible warrant can he have for assuming that a more enlightened view of the real interests of nations, even as measured by dollars and cents, will not bring about a wholly different attitude? How can he know that even at the end of this terrible war the clear demonstration which it shall have furnished of the utter insignificance of the commercial elements at stake, in comparison with the stupendous sacrifices of the conflict, will not make a profound and permanent impression on the minds of men the world over? As for judging the future by the past, how long has there existed any great body of men who avow the community of interests of all nations, and are in principle opposed to all wars except those strictly required for self-defence? To ignore elements like these and rely on the apparent indications of a rudimentary diagram is to be not scientific, but childish.

It is somewhat amusing to place in juxtaposition with this manifestation of simple faith in "science" an utterance equally naïve that comes from a very different quarter. Mr. H. G. Wells is a gifted writer; but his gifts are those of a youthful prodigy unable to take on quite fully the responsibilities of mature age. Let us see what *he* thinks, in the person of his latest hero, on the subject of science and the future of mankind:

> It is only now, after some years of study and living, that I begin to realize what this tremendous beginning we call Science means to mankind. Every condition that once jus-

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tified the rules and imperatives, the manners and customs, the sentiments, the morality, the laws and limitations which make up the common life, has been or is being destroyed. . . . Two or three hundred years more and all that life will be as much a thing past and done with as the life that was lived in the age of unpolished stone.

And the future of nations is no less distinctly set forth by the hero's friend and comrade:

The world has to be a united world, Benham, as a matter of course. That was settled when the railways and the telegraph came. Telephones, wireless telegraphy, aeroplanes insist on it. We've got to mediatize all this stuff, all these little crowns and boundaries and creeds and so on, that stand in the way. Just as Italy had to be united in spite of all the rotten little dukes and princes and republics, just as Germany had to be united in spite of its scores of kingdoms and duchies and liberties, so now the world.

Prophecy for prophecy, the vision of a united world is the more pleasing to contemplate; and it has quite as much scientific warrant. As for the other notion, that radium and ions and non-Euclidian geometry are going to make a clean sweep of foolish old inheritances like love, and filial attachment, and jealousy, and the rest of the things that have hitherto filled the lives of "the kindly race of men," we have just put that in for good measure, to show what the pseudo-scientist on a rampage can do if he likes.

Foreign Correspondence

THE SITUATION OF ALSACE-LORRAINE —THE COMPLETE FAILURE OF PRUSSIANISM.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, September 18.

Every official declaration of France—of the President of the Republic, of the Prime Minister, of the General commanding in chief—ever since this war began has given as one of the necessary conditions of peace the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France. Virtually, all the Allies—England, Russia, Italy—are engaged to it. Like the restoration of Belgium and Luxemburg and Poland, it has to be fought for until it is won. There is and can be no question of autonomy in a renewed German Confederation, nor of the creation of a buffer state equally independent of Germany and France. It is not to be conquest and not annexation or re-annexation on the part of France. Even French Socialists and workmen's associations have said all this in their turn.

To use the Labor phrase of France, this war must end by consecrating "the right of a people to dispose of itself." Now the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany in 1871 —an annexation of territory which pretended to no other right than that of conquest—was the negation of this right. The Treaty of Frankfort ratifying the annexation was forced on France by Germany, and itself stated explicitly that treaties are "annulled by war" (article 11). Well, Germany has made war, the Treaty of Frankfort has been annulled by herself—and, legally, Alsace-Lorraine is *in statu quo ante bellum*, that is, what she was before 1870.

In practice, this means that the war, among other things, disputes whether Alsace-Lorraine shall return to France, from which she was forcibly detached forty-four years ago. And France and the Allies have bound themselves to fight until Alsace-Lorraine does so return.

Francis Joseph, when the conquest of Alsace-Lorraine by armed force against the expressed wish of its people was finally announced to him, is said to have presented ironic compliments to the old Kaiser "on his annexation of an open sore to his new Empire." It is one of the heart-breaks of history that countries like England and the United States, supposedly won to the cause of the Liberty of Peoples, should have allowed this violent transference of 2,000,000 highly civilized and prosperous human beings from one government, to which they were used, to another, to which forty-four years of rule has not accustomed them. Counting those who were honorably placed in France, 2,000,000 is a moderate figure for the population at that time. They were quite comparable with Americans at the time when our Revolution established the consent of the governed as indispensable to legitimate government.

It is a mistake of blindness to imagine Frenchmen's desire of *la revanche* in Alsace-Lorraine as a principal cause of this war. Rather, it was the encouragement given by free countries like ourselves to new Germany which has led on to this latest working out of her fundamental principle that Might makes Right.

There is a disposition on the part of wavering neutrals to claim a sort of prescription—vested rights—for the German immigrants into Alsace-Lorraine during these forty-four years that it has been an "Empire-land." Their number is estimated liberally at 350,000 —fewer than the native Alsatians and Lorraine-men who have voluntarily chosen to live in France and remain shut out from their native country. And this does not include the Alsatian thousands who have emigrated further, often after trying for some years to live under German rule, to America and South Africa, or to Switzerland, near to home.

There has been, too, a vital difference between these immigrants and emigrants. The incoming Germans, for by far the most part, have formed an Imperial service plastered on the country, crowding out the natives from posts of confidence which rightfully belonged to them. An Alsatian could not be a school-teacher—he could not be trusted to Germanize the children's brains. He could not hope to enter the university corps—Prussians despised his German and thoroughly distrusted his willingness to accept their discipline. He had to serve in the German army, but never in garrisons of his own country—it was necessary he should be broken in elsewhere. He could not expect to become an officer. He could not occupy any judicial post of honor and, still less, any responsible post in the administration of his own country. Even his business activities and industrial enterprise were hampered by discriminating regulations and political preferences.

For two generations Imperial Germany has had a free hand with the populations of Alsace and Lorraine, and, by her own confession, she has won neither affection nor respect, and dares not to repose her trust in them. Surely, by all the principles of our American Independence, the return of their country to France should be a matter of common right.

Perhaps Americans are not alive to the part always taken in French public life by citizens from Alsace and Lorraine. Those of French language were, of course, quite indistinguishable. Even now, there are generals and there have been Ministers of War, there are university professors at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, there are judges and presidents of chambers of commerce, who speak to their brother Frenchmen with authority in their own comfortable accent. It might even be said that, from the Revolution to our own day, Alsatians have had more than their share in French public life. The two languages of most of them gave them an initial advantage, which the canny, easily-mixing ways of their race heightened. Under Germany, the natives of Alsace and Lorraine have been made to descend towards a condition of inferiors—diminished subjects of an Empire which they were made to feel was not their own. In France, not by any deep design, but quite naturally as water flows, they have been exalted citizens.

It must not be thought that this is merely the impression of an outsider or the idea of a partisan native who has burst the bonds of the conqueror. I was first a child with Alsatians who had but lately founded a colony in America. Later I made acquaintance with their people before their country had been broken off from France. At the time when they had to choose between exile for their young men or Prussian militarization, I followed their lives at home. There is the pathetic comedy of children exaggerating the goose-step to which their alien schoolmasters condemn them—and the moan of native songs sung for a last time at home by those who are fleeing away. In among the mountain villages, where the emerald pines lead up to the country's thousand-year-old pilgrimage of St. Odile, in the manufacturing towns of the plain, in peasant farms, I have found—after two generations—nothing but impatience and dislike of German rule. Those who had never known French rule—which, under all régimes, is at least democratic—had always France in their minds as the country of ease and grace and liberty.

More than this, one of the "immigrants" who had had the weakness to marry a woman of the country and tried to identify himself with its interests, ventured half a dozen years ago to give me his own views in his newly acquired French. For him, German born and bred as he was, everything was going wrong. The most that Germany could hope for was the final constitution of Alsace and Lorraine into virtually independent states, whose interest it would be to act as a buffer impartially between Germany and France. He had no sympathy and no belief in the possibility of ever Germanizing Alsace and Lorraine.

It is difficult to say what might have been. Gen. Joffre, in the second entrance into Alsace of the armies of France during this war, took it on himself to reassure the population. "You are French once more—nothing shall be able to take you from us again!" Without prophecy, it is more than likely

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that—after the war—men of Alsace and Lorraine will again take their part in all the public life of the French Republic. Perhaps it is for that the German army destroyed the family tomb of President Poincaré in Lorraine.

SWISS NOTES—ESPIONAGE AND NEUTRALITY.

By ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER.

GENEVA, September 9.

Owing to the increase of espionage in Switzerland, the political police are showing renewed activity. Within a week, sixty persons suspected of being spies or known to be such have been arrested and sent to Berne for trial. Among them was a French woman, twenty-two years of age, who was apprehended at Geneva. Ever since the probability of Switzerland going to war became remote, the attention of spies in that country has been diverted from the organization, efficiency, and distribution of the Swiss troops. In this respect, Swiss military preparations are an open book. A year ago, however, when the neutrality of the Federation seemed to be in peril, a great deal of curiosity was manifested by apparently harmless visitors from across the Rhine. While crowds left the big hotels, there lingered in certain Alpine resorts strangers who spoke French with a German accent, and whose German was not that of the Swiss cantons. Some of these visitors remained on the plain along the frontier near Schaffhausen and Bâle; some betook themselves to the Jura near the fortified region of Le Trou de Bourgogne; but there were others who seemed to prefer the bold scenery not far from St. Maurice and its fortifications, as well as the quiet villages where there were cantonments of troops. The questions of these strangers were often indiscreet. In one village within easy walking distance from the great fortress of Dailly, into which no profane may enter, a quiet, melancholy-looking German was arrested four times in one month by the officer commanding a battalion in the village, although there was no direct evidence of his being a spy. He made a practice, however, of getting as near the forts as possible, and of asking many questions of the officers and men in the neighboring cantonments. He was up at daybreak to listen to the *Diane* and to watch the men depart for their daily exercises. He was on hand to witness their return, retired when the *Retraite* was sounded, and left his bed, even on a stormy night, when the "general" alarm was heard. The Swiss commanding officer cooled his zeal by telling him that if he did not restrain his curiosity, he might be obliged to spend the winter in the high Alps.

At present, there may seem little to attract spies to Switzerland, especially to Geneva, where they are very numerous. The Swiss frontier from Verrières to Schaffhausen is not altogether inaccessible to civilians. Many of the military preparations there are perfectly well known. Bâle, for example, is so near the border that people in the town often hear the sound of the French and German artillery; they can watch the manœuvres of aeroplanes, and they can get reports from the front almost at first hand. In towns like Zürich and Geneva, the case is different. At Geneva it is altogether different. Except on Sundays, when furlough is granted to some of the troops, there are as few soldiers to be seen on the Rue de Rhône as on Broadway. But the Swiss army is no longer the object of espionage. It is at Geneva that news from the belligerents can be most easily obtained and distributed. Apart from the large French population, which has increased since the war began, people from all European countries still throng the streets, and are to be found in public resorts, particularly in the cafés. At the principal café in Geneva, one may hear any afternoon more than a dozen different languages. There is, of course, much gossip; acquaintances are easily made, and the chief topic of conversation is the war. It is easy to understand how much information more or less important and accurate can be picked up in such intercourse. It is also easy to understand that, without very great difficulty, news can be conveyed across the frontier. There is no Swiss censorship of letters sent to foreign countries, and any foreigner here, writing home, may write freely.

The people of Geneva are quite aware that many of these foreign residents have *aures arrectæ*. Just before the war a German established an immense café and restaurant in the busiest street, with places for a thousand persons, and with an excellent orchestra. The place is literally empty by day, and there is only a handful of customers in the evening. Other proprietors with German names often print in their advertisements: "établissement suisse," or "maison suisse." This partial boycotting is caused partly by anti-German sentiment, but partly is attributable to a suspicion that the German spy system is far-reaching and well organized. In one of the new quarters of the town there is a considerable German population, including a number of men of military age. They make no secret of their nationality; they are on friendly terms with the native population. They may be seen in the street or on the verandas of their apartments discussing the war as everybody does, with maps in their hands and German newspapers before them, and writing long documents which they bear to the post office. At first the gendarmes went to the concierges for information about the customs and habits of these aliens. But of late the political police has taken a hand in the game, and some of the more conspicuous members of the group have disappeared. Perquisitions have been made, in some cases, by the police, and certain suspected persons have been called on to give an account of their present occupation, and even the sources of their income. An American resident of the quarter received the visit of a man bearing a German name—"a neighborly visit"—who said that he was a Russian. He afterwards continued these visits without receiving any encouragement. In the autumn he affirmed that the Cossacks would be in Berlin on Christmas Day, 1914. It transpired that he was intimately associated with the band of German suspects. He was greatly interested in America, in its military and naval efficiency, and was anxious to know whether there would be civil war in case the United States took the part of the Allies. The American, with engaging candor, described the transatlantic police force as a machine almost as formidable as the German army.

The spies, or those who appear to be spies, now find it difficult to get their reports across the frontier; so their method has reached a second phase. While the first messengers who carried reports not committed to the post were foreigners, attention is now directed to certain Swiss citizens who have been led into devious paths by informers from abroad, and who, by reason of Swiss neutrality, have less difficulty in crossing and recrossing the border. The Swiss police has discovered organizations whose object is to recruit accomplices among subjects of the Federation. The recruiting agent discovers a promising Swiss, and at first asks him or her to get news for the papers, and commercial information of various kinds. Recruits have been found among Swiss maidservants who are invited to "keep their eyes open." Being well paid in advance for this opening of the eyes, they are caught in the meshes of the organization, and at length may be sent abroad, not only to carry documents, but to collect news, especially as to the situation and transportation of troops. Several Swiss, attracted by this well-paid but dangerous employment, have been arrested abroad, and lately one of them was put to death. It may be added that the political police of Switzerland usually acts with efficiency and prudence: with efficiency in preventing conspiracies against foreign governments being hatched in Swiss territory; with prudence, so that the Federation may not be subjected to foreign dictation. Since the time when Numa Droz wrote to Bismarck with what the Germans regarded as *Schroffheit*, the independence of the Swiss Government has been carefully conserved, except in the matter of the Gothard convention.

The Swiss Government has been much embarrassed in its efforts to censure non-neutral utterances within the country, in speeches, books, and newspapers. Some of the difficulties encountered are already matters of history. The censorship of such publications was committed to the military authorities, and complaints arose from many quarters that the censors were arbitrary or unjust.

The Swiss censorship, however, is not wholly under military control. The Federal Council has lately declared anathema the importation, exposition, and diffusion of all prints (writings or pictures) designed for publicity, including reproductions of publications, which may disturb the good relations of Switzerland with other states, or which cannot be reconciled with its situation as a neutral state. Particular exception is taken to derisive caricatures of foreign rulers and statesmen. The decree of the Council is obscurely expressed. Among the prohibited articles are (1) unsealed writings and pictures—evidently a blow at postcards; (2) reproduction of such writings and pictures by the Swiss press. The decree loses most of its meaning by the recognition on the part of the Council that its powers in this respect are limited; accordingly the decree is not directed against "organes nationaux," newspapers, weeklies, and reviews. In these cases only very grave infractions of neutrality will be punished. No mercy, however, is to be shown to cinematographs.

It cannot be said that the rule concerning postcards has been observed, the illustrations on which are often the reverse of neutral. As for ridicule of foreign magnates, it is enough to say that the Paris comic weeklies are for sale at every news-stand, and they do not spare the feelings even of neutral peoples. Any American would be moved to see in one of them a large portrait of Mr. Bryan clad in a German uniform, and wearing a *casque à pointe;* and no German will be pleased at the latest portrait of the Kronprinz in the Parisian weeklies.

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The Constitutional Convention

ESSENTIALS OF THE NEW INSTRUMENT FRAMED AT ALBANY—SHORT BALLOT AND RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT.

By SETH LOW.

The New York Constitutional Convention was called upon to deal with a number of problems of vital interest to the people of the State. In the last twenty years governments of every kind all over the world have been taking upon themselves new duties. The State of New York offers no exception to this general procedure. The result is seen in the very large increase of annual expenditure on the part of the State, and in the corresponding increase of the agencies which have been created to attend to the business of the State. The Convention found that there were over one hundred and fifty boards, commissions, and departments engaged in carrying on the business of the State. For the most part, these governmental agencies are independent one of another and of any adequate supervision from any source. In other words, the administrative system of the State, if that can be called a system which has never been systematized, like Topsy has "just growed." As a result there is little teamwork among departments, and no sense of responsibility to any common authority. The situation is made still worse by the habit of "ripper" legislation which each party in turn, when in the majority, has indulged in freely during the last twenty years. This has made any permanent policy impossible in the departments so affected, with the result that many of the most important interests of the State have been made the plaything of politics.

The proposed new Constitution deals with this problem radically. It provides for seventeen permanent departments, to one or the other of which all existing governmental agencies of the State must be assigned, as well as every new bureau that may hereafter be created. Of these departments, two are filled by election; the Controller being elected to be the head of the Department of Finance, and the Attorney-General to be the head of the Department of Law. The other fifteen departments, being partly or wholly executive in character, are under the charge of officials appointed by the Governor and responsible to him, except the Department of Education, which remains under the charge of the Board of Regents, who are elected by the Legislature. As to this department, no change whatever is proposed. Besides the Department of Education there are four others whose duties are partly executive, but quite as largely discretionary. These are the Department of Labor and Industry, the Department of Public Utilities, the Department of Conservation, and the Department of Civil Service. Each of these departments is headed by a board appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. The terms of the commissioners in every case expire serially, and every commissioner is appointed by the Governor for a term longer than his own. It is hoped in this way to obtain continuity of policy in the management of these great public interests, together with a certain responsibility to the Chief Executive of the State. The other ten departments are administered by officials appointed by the Governor, without confirmation by the Senate, for terms coterminous with his own. These officials the Governor is at liberty also to remove at his discretion.

The proposed Constitution thus removes the danger of "ripper" legislation, partly by depriving the Legislature of the opportunity to indulge in it, and partly by removing the motive for it. No doubt, one principal motive for "ripper" legislation has been the partisan desire for patronage; but behind this bad motive there has been a good one, namely, the feeling on the part of each party to whom the electorate have given their confidence that with confidence should go the opportunity to control. Under the proposed Constitution the Governor of the State will have the same relation to the administrative departments of the State as the Mayor of the city of New York now holds towards the administrative departments of the city. The control of the Governor over the executive business of the State is no doubt greatly increased by these proposals, but the power is not increased more than the responsibility. Both the Governor himself and the party which is responsible for him must stand or fall upon his record. No excuse for failure can be found; for the power is equal to the opportunity, and, when this is so, responsibility cannot be evaded.

With the increase of the business of the State the financial methods of the State have become as inadequate as its administrative methods. With the growth of the State's business it has become increasingly difficult during the stress of a legislative session for the Legislature to make appropriations that really fit the need. There is not the time or facilities or opportunity for each new Legislature to acquaint itself with the business of the State in such a way as to enable it to meet the absolute needs of the State or to control discretionary expenditures with good judgment. As a result, the proper relations between the Executive and the Legislature as to appropriations have become oddly reversed. The natural course evidently is for the Executive to say what money is necessary for the conduct of the State's business, and for the Legislature to say how much the Executive may have. As our Constitution stands at present, the Legislature makes its appropriations, and the Governor receives the authority to veto any item he pleases. Thus the Legislature has the first word and the Governor the last. By the proposed Constitution the situation is reversed. The Governor is called upon to submit a budget showing how much money is necessary and how it may be provided, leaving with the Legislature the right to say how much money may be spent and how it shall be provided.

The sinking funds of the State have been so carelessly administered as to provide an excess of $29,000,000 beyond what is needed at the present time for the redemption of the bonds of the State as they fall due. The proposed Constitution provides against any further excessive taxation in connection with existing sinking funds, and it also provides for the issuing hereafter of serial bonds only, running for not more than fifty years.

The counties of the State from the beginning have been integral parts of the governmental machinery of the State. At the present time the various counties differ from one another essentially in population and in other conditions; but all are compelled to have substantially the same crude form of government. This form of government answers reasonably well still for counties that are entirely rural; but it does not answer at all for a county like Westchester, which contains within its borders four cities and which has a population of over three hundred thousand. Other counties having similar problems are Albany, Nassau, Schenectady, Onondaga, Monroe, and Erie. The proposed Constitution authorizes the Legislature to establish different forms of goverr ment which may be adopted at their pleasure by the voters of the different counties. This plan avoids hurtful uniformity on the one hand; and, on the other, it protects every county from having to form a government of which the electorate does not approve. The Legislature retains authority to pass general laws affecting counties; but it is made impossible for it hereafter to pass laws affecting one county only, except upon the request of the governing body of the county. In other words, provision is made in the pending Constitution for home rule for counties.

The question of home rule for cities was quite as pressing as that of home rule for counties, but the problem involved was very much more difficult of solution. The Greater New York Charter is the growth of 250 years, and it is roughly estimated that the body of statute law under which the business of New York city is carried on embraces ten thousand statutes. The city contains half of the population of the State, and approximately 70 per cent. of the wealth and resources of the State, and its activities and needs affect the entire commonwealth. But New York city is only one of fifty-six cities within the borders of the State, of which forty-six have less than 50,000 inhabitants. In one aspect this variety of condition constitutes a very strong argument in favor of home rule; but in view of the whole trend of American law, the difficulty of dealing with the problem is enormous. The average man thinks that he has solved the problem when he says,

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"Give to the cities the control of their local affairs, and to the State the control of its affairs"; but such a man does not realize that there is almost nothing which a city does in its governmental capacity which it does not do as the agent of the State. Besides this, the Charter of the city of New York, especially, and other city charters only less, embody so many details that hardly any new step can be taken or any new governmental agency created which does not involve an amendment of the charter. This means that home rule for cities practically necessitates the power of continuous charter amendment at home.

Charter revision in its large aspect is necessary only occasionally; but the power of charter amendment is a continuing necessity both before and after charter revision if a city is really to be able to manage its own affairs. If cities were little States they could amend their charters as a State amends its Constitution; but they are not, either in this country or in any country. They are local communities which have received such powers as they enjoy from the sovereign State. In this country the courts have held that a municipal corporation is a corporation like any other, whose rights and powers are to be interpreted very narrowly. Any provision of home rule for cities, therefore, must first of all preserve beyond all question the sovereign power of the State; and it must, nevertheless, give so large a grant of power to the cities that a city can control its own affairs and adapt its governmental machinery, from time to time, so as to meet new needs. The proposed home rule amendment endeavors to meet this difficult problem adequately. It gives to the cities exclusive control of their own property, affairs, and municipal government; and within this field it forbids the Legislature to enact any law which applies to less than all the cities of the State, without classification or distinction. It permits the cities, by the action of the government of the day, to amend their charters after due notice and public hearing; but it provides that when such amendments change the framework of the city government or modify restrictions as to issuing bonds or contracting debts, such amendments must be submitted to the Legislature before becoming effective. The Legislature receives the right, for a limited period, to annul any such amendment; but unless the Legislature does actually disapprove the amendment, it takes effect as law when the time limit has expired. Every city receives the authority to elect from time to time a commission to revise its charter, and such revision is to be submitted to the people for approval. When approved by the people, it is submitted to the Legislature, which has for a limited period the same right of disapproval which is given to it with reference to charter amendments such as affect the framework of the city government.

The proposed home rule amendment has one feature which is new. It has been found in other States that, no matter what language is used to describe the grant of power made to cities under the Constitution, the courts are called upon to determine the meaning of this grant whenever it relates to matters as to which the city acts as the agent of the State. The pending home rule amendment recognizes this difficulty, and endeavors to meet it by making the action of the city valid, even when it amends its charter or some local law that relates to a question of State concern, until and unless the State takes action that is inconsistent with the city's action. In that event, if the courts hold the matter to be of State concern, the action of the State will override the action of the city; but until the city's action is thus overridden by the State the city's action will be valid. The analogy for this provision is found in the Interstate Commerce clause of the United States Constitution as interpreted by the Federal courts. The action of Congress within this field is paramount; but, until Congress does act, there is a very broad field affecting interstate commerce within which the action of the States will stand.

All of the things of which I have heretofore spoken affect the people of the State as citizens of the commonwealth; but the action of the Convention with reference to judicial procedure may affect each one of us as an individual. While the form of the Convention's action affecting the courts is technical, the substance of it is easily made clear to a layman. First of all, provision is made for clearing the clogged calendar of the Court of Appeals, and for keeping it clear. Then, within the city of New York, the jurisdiction of courts which has been local has been extended over the whole city, so that a shortage of judges in one neighborhood may be made good from another neighborhood. Thus the efficiency of these courts will be greatly increased, with very little addition to the expense. The higher courts of the State receive more control over the Civil Practice Rules. The Legislature is not deprived of its authority to enact a Civil Practice act and to adopt a separate body of Civil Practice Rules for the regulation of procedure in the Court of Appeals, the Supreme Court, and County Courts; but the Legislature is called upon to do this work at intervals only, and then by enacting a single bill to be based upon the report of a commission. In the intervals of legislative action the courts may modify or amend these rules in the light of experience. It is believed that these proposals, if adopted, will facilitate the administration of justice by making it both more prompt and less costly.

The Convention took other action which is important, but these appear to me to be the main subjects with which it was called upon to deal. That it could handle questions of this kind so radically without a division on partisan lines seems to justify the belief that its proposals are conceived in the interest of the commonwealth, and that they ought to be approved by the people of the State.

Book Notes and Byways

THE GROWTH OF "THANATOPSIS."

The centenary of the *North American Review* calls to mind a paradox which is too cutting not to have been made by the neat hand of time. It is, that an age which fondly names itself pagan should have grown cool towards a poem, as pagan as Lucretius, which had its great prosperity in days when it was half an act of worship to learn "Thanatopsis" by heart. There have been critics to point out that the poem, although born of a mood to which Bryant had been stirred by writers as orthodox as any in the language, has not a word of sin, or God, or immortality. But no one, it seems, has shown by what steps the young poet moved from his first callow gloom, when Kirke White was congenial, to the broad and noble consolation for death which a hundred years have hardly surpassed.

During the autumn of 1811, not long after he had learned that his father could not send him to Yale, Bryant, then deep in youth's own melancholy, read Kirke White's "Remains." It is not strange that he was powerfully moved. White, too, had been a poet, young, unfortunate, doomed to a quick death and a short fame. There was real pathos in his story, and Bryant, one may guess, saw the pathos more clearly than the morbid color of death which tinged every line. What in White was disease, haunting his sick senses with worms and graves, with the "melody of death," with death's "sweet decaying smell," and breaking his heart with the thought that he must soon be cut down and forgotten like a tree, to Bryant was only a mood and an idea. He was a young poet filled with compassion for his fellow in art. And more, he was a young mortal, for whom the name and image of death, though not new, for he was also a Puritan, had suddenly changed from a vague dream to a sickening menace. Mortality, that is to say, thrust itself upon a mind which had concerned itself only with the immortalities of youth and poetry.

Brooding upon these threats of fortune, he turned to other poets who had touched the theme. He read Blair's "Grave" and Beilby Porteus's "Death: A Poetical Essay,"* "observing how much the verse of the obscure Scottish minister excelled in originality of thought and vigor of expression that of the English prelate." They were kindred spirits to whom death was a folk-lore demon lurking in the dark and preying upon mankind with horrible malice. But Blair and Porteus, unlike White, did not themselves cower before death; they had set out, in Blair's words,

> To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb*,

partly that men might not forget to be holy in this life. Death was a tool to their piety. A little more aloof from death than White, they were thus more general in their view of it, and Bryant, through them, saw death as the common fate of men, and not as the ugly blighting of one man's hopes. Moreover, of the two, Porteus was the less concerned with those facts of death which weigh upon the senses; Bryant's preference for his work seems to point forward to the calm of "Thanatopsis."

*Seaton prize poem at Cambridge in 1759.

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Such calm, however, is not very close to the anxious mood in which Bryant had begun to think of death. Somewhere between that and the firm ground on which he finally stood are the lines which, by an error, were printed at the head of "Thanatopsis" on its first appearance.

Not that from life, and all its woes
The hand of death shall set me free;
Not that this head, shall then repose
In the low vale most peacefully.

Ah, when I touch time's farthest brink,
A kinder solace must attend;
It chills my very soul, to think
On that dread hour when life must end.

In vain the flatt'ring verse may breathe,
Of ease from pain, and rest from strife,
There is a sacred dread of death
Inwoven with the strings of life.

This bitter cup at first was given
When angry *justice* frown'd severe,
And 'tis th' eternal doom of heaven
That man must view the grave with fear.

In these lines Bryant seems to say, if one may take them as his own opinion, that he can find no escape from the dread of death in such comforts as the chance of a future life or of future quiet or of future fame. There was still the question how to face death, and a hint at his answer was in Blair:

What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with Death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs.

But Bryant took from this more than was intended. Blair had meant scorn and pity for mankind when he said that flesh comes from grass and will be grass again. Bryant, reverent towards nature from childhood, saw no loss of dignity in this transition to other elements. One would go back to be a part of beauty and grandeur; one would have the world for a monument. If death was dreadful, it was also a proud and splendid portal through which men might pass from their narrow province to a universal state.

Bryant had now gone so far from his starting-point that his present thought was really an answer to the bitter questions of Kirke White. This has been overlooked, but it is one of the central facts of "Thanatopsis." White, in his lines, "Written in the Prospect of Death," had said, with painful bathos:

Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance.

To this Bryant, freed by his thought from such shrinking at oblivion, made the austere reply:

—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favorite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!

Thus the first version of the poem closed abruptly with a reproof to morbid terror. It had begun abruptly with the seventeenth line, as the poem now stands;

—Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course.

It becomes clear at once that Bryant, when he wrote the poem, meant it as a challenge either to Kirke White or else to the mood which White had engendered in Bryant's own mind. He mused over the certainty that he, or White, must lose "each human trace" and "mix forever with the elements." But he remembered the splendor "of the great tomb of man" and the infinite tribes that "slumber in its bosom." Then follow the question and answer by which he closed the argument.

Whether Bryant revised his poem between October-November, 1811, and September, 1817, when it was printed, does not appear; probably he did not, since Dr. Bryant sent it to the *North American* without his son's knowledge. But before it appeared in the 1821 "Poems," it had undergone certain changes of which the full import has not been pointed out. In part, they were merely verbal and always in the interest of greater felicity and eloquence. The "busy brood," White's own words, became a "solemn brood." A glance at the opening, however, will show that the most notable change had been to put the whole substance of the piece into the mouth of nature, which thus became responsible for its wisdom. At first, the poet had spoken in his own person. Death was remote and his terrors moved only the imagination. It was easy, then, for Bryant, who saw that dread had loosened the sinews of Kirke White, to offer his stern remedy. But now he was unwilling to leave in the poem so personal an air. Only the year before, he had begun a "Hymn of Death" to sing death's praises, chiefly for the noble justice with which death levels all men and avenges the good against the wicked. In the midst of such swelling rhetoric, he had broken sharply off, for his father had died, and he had seen how idle was his attempt to make death the servant of his scheme of moral justice. When he came, therefore, to his revision of "Thanatopsis," he had less reason than ever to accept the smug doctrines which he had so scrupulously kept out of his first version. He could not even speak his own answer to the question with his old assurance. Nature had consoled him before when he had feared death; now nature, the agent of death, must offer consolation. She has, he said, a language which suits all moods, even the darkest.

When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—

(here he summed up the fears and speculations to which he had made his earlier answer, setting the stage, so to speak, to reproduce the atmosphere of the original scene)

Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—

And then nature, with her great authority, was made to utter the response by which the courage of Bryant had answered his gloom ten years before. It will be noted that nature's words do not seem wholly in keeping. When she tells man that he will return to earth, she does not seem to be speaking of herself, but of a separate state:

surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go [not come]
To mix forever with the elements.

And her promise that he will sleep among men in death is perhaps rather a human consolation than one that might be expected to come from the contained and gradual spirit which for Bryant was nature. Of this the poet seems not to have been conscious; at least, he cared more to hide himself than to give full consistency to his speaker. At the end he added a few lines upon the ages of death which remain and then rounded out the whole with the famous counsel to a life of virtue which can make fortitude instinctive at the final summons. By this didactic close he does, indeed, partially falsify nature; he avoids the falser note of any promise of a future life. Nature, he knew, makes no such promises. This reserve is Bryant's peculiar triumph. He had moved from that first stage of personal dread, with steadily widening thought, to a view of death which was no longer obscured by the desires and prejudices of fearful mortality, but which, in its calm acquiescence in inviolable law, was worthy to be ascribed to nature.

Carl Van Doren.

Columbia University.

Poetry

SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE.

1915.

By Marion Couthouy Smith.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
But ah! what found she there?
The little streams were running red,
And the torn fields were bare;
And all about the ruined towers
Where once her king was crowned,
The hurtling ploughs of war and death
Had scored the desolate ground.

Sainte Jeanne turned to the hearts of men,
That harvest might not fail;
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,
Her dress was silvern mail;
And all the war-worn ranks were glad
To feel her presence shine;
Her smile was like the mellow sun
Along that weary line.

She gave her silence to their lips,
Her visions to their eyes,
And the quick glory of her sword
She lent to their emprise;
The shadow of her gentle hand
Touched Belgium's burning cross,
And set the seal of power and praise
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,
And oh! what found she there?
The brave seed of her scattering
In fruitage everywhere;
And where her strong and tender heart
Was broken in the flame,
She found the very heart of France
Had flowered to her name.

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Correspondence.

THE WAR FUND OF THE MODERATES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After reading O.'s letter in your issue of September 16 and your editorial thereon, I hasten to agree to be one of nine to send $2,000 to war relief funds, the condition of "O.'s" offer, and will send the same whenever you say the agreement is binding. Please suggest to me the four *biggest* and *most deserving* funds. I prefer to split my contribution of $2,000 into four, of $500 each.

W. R. F.

Boston, Mass., September 29.

A WORD TO THE MODERATELY POOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The pulpit of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is one of the most conspicuous in America. No American Protestant clergyman, perhaps, is more widely known than its present occupant. When we consider the splendid opportunity he has had for a career no less distinguished than useful, bringing rewards altogether incommensurable with things so commonplace as wealth and power, his recent public confession, though it justify the sternest indignation, brings to mind first of all the childishness of the whole business. But let not the world's people exult if a minister of the church has been brought low. His obligation to disinterested benevolence was no greater than theirs. It is one of their number, I suppose, who at about the same time writes to the *Nation* in words of quite unconventional plain truth: "As one of the moderately rich . . . I want to express my conviction that the great majority of us, including myself, are acting like hogs."

The apathy of the American people in these times is not surprising. The disregard of Germany for law, justice, and common humanity, however foolishly short-sighted it may be, is morally the logical outcome of a state of things in which, throughout the civilized world, in the church and out of it, a minority whose struggle for means to live is not too strenuous to admit of thoughtfully facing the facts has tacitly elected to be selfish and let remediable distresses of man and beast go unremedied. The writer of these lines is not rich, "moderately" or otherwise. He has not withheld his hand so much, all things considered, as "one of the moderately rich" confesses that he has done; but in view of the needs that confront him he has in these days been doubting the wisdom of his own prudence. Is not this the time for a somewhat reckless regard for the obligation to give? What matters it if we who are "moderately" poor take some risk of dying in a hospital ward, as soldiers die, rather than in one of the comfortable private rooms? I should like to hear through your columns from persons whose total wealth is less than our friend's minimum income of $10,000. I enclose my check for $100, and ask you to apply it for war relief wherever you think it is most needed.

K.

COLE'S NIAGARA FALLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to inquire through you if any of your readers are aware of the present whereabouts of the picture of Niagara Falls by Thomas Cole, of which there is an engraving in Hinton's "History of the United States," second edition, 1843, and also I believe in the first edition of 1834. I should be glad to know when it was painted and what has become of it, and would welcome any information which would point in those directions.

Edward E. Hale.

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., September 13.

THE FRENCH UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: So many Americans are looking to France for their education nowadays that the following extract from letters received from Professor Hauvette, of the University of Paris, will be of general interest:

"Nothing is changed in our courses, in spite of the prolongation of the war; as the professors of the Sorbonne are not generally young people, very few have been mobilized, and our courses are nearly complete. The only courses suppressed are the *concours* (agrégations, certificats d'aptitude pour les langues vivantes), but the *examens* (licences, diplôme supérieur, doctorat, etc.) have not stopped a single day, and our old students will find here courses and libraries open as usual. There are only fewer students!

"We have not budged from Paris for a single day (except for vacation). The theatres are open; some of the museums are closed, having been dismantled earlier."

Programmes for the winter session of the Paris schools may be had on application, Professor Hauvette states. There is no reason why Americans who have planned to spend this year in study in Paris should not do so. Rather, is not this a good time to show their loyalty and affection in increased measure by supporting French educational enterprise?

Bert E. Young.

Columbia University, September 18.

"CONTINUOUS MEDIATION WITHOUT ARMISTICE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: May I be permitted to offer a reply to a criticism of my pamphlet, "Continuous Mediation without Armistice," from a London correspondent of the *Nation*, in your issue for August 12?

"We are hardly willing to accept the theoretic assumption," writes your correspondent, "that, because all the belligerents claim to have right on their side, they are likely to be equally wrong."

First, may I state that no assumption was intended in my pamphlet that the belligerents are all equally wrong? The reference to the difficulty of making a final moral judgment had to do—or was intended to have to do (the wording is not so clear as it might be)—not with the concrete justice of the case looked at from the international standpoint, but with the sincerity of various national points of view. The writer regrets that the sentence "There is a sense in which all are to blame" was not written "There is a sense in which we are all to blame," for in her thought the word "all" included the neutral peoples as well as the belligerents. To this, the next sentence of the pamphlet is witness. "We are all human together, stumbling out of darkness into a twilight of imperfect knowledge."

It is quite true, however, that the writer deliberately avoided discussing moral issues in national terms. That she did so was not because of any wish to minimize the moral issues involved, but for a reason which we believe your correspondent would be among the first to appreciate. There are times and places in which it is right and necessary to call things by national names; there are times and places in which it is justifiable to avoid doing so. "We cherish no bitterness against the German people as such," writes your correspondent, "but we have an undying hatred for the principles for which Germany stands. Our dearest hope is for a revolution in German thought, or (as I should prefer to put it) for a domestic triumph of the best elements of the German people. We would much rather see the patient restored to sanity than confined in a strait waistcoat." This being his sentiment, does he not understand that it would be a justifiable human relief under some circumstances to discuss the whole matter *in terms of principles instead of in terms of peoples?* It was the earnest desire of the writer of the pamphlet to find some common ground, however slight, on which estranged friends could meet, which could serve as a basis for propaganda in all countries—a propaganda in which even one who dissented from the action of his Government might work for the international cause without feeling that he was a traitor either to his nation or to his convictions—a propaganda in which people who, because of various biassing influences, are divided in opinion as to the sincerity of the Governments, the responsibility for the war, the attitude which the nations will take in the settlement, can work together, provided only they are agreed in desiring a permanent peace based on principles of international righteousness.

"There is no place now," writes your correspondent, "for those who wish to ride off on a general condemnation of war; some decision must be made, on the merits of the case. . . . We shall hold out, not for any vainglorious triumph or material advantage, but until (if human strength avail) the priceless principles at stake are vindicated and accepted by our enemies as well as by our friends." I wish to point out that my pamphlet, far from assuming that no decision is to be made on the merits of the case, endeavors to suggest a method by which such a decision might perhaps be arrived at with the greatest economy of life and treasure. I quote phrases from Miss Addams's definition of the plan—clearer and more specific than that in the pamphlet: "It is suggested that an International Commission of experts be formed without delay on neutral initiative. The Commission should sit as long as the war continues. The members should have a scientific but not a diplomatic function; they should have no power to commit their Governments. The Commission should explore the issues involved in the present struggle and in the light of this study begin making propositions to the belligerents in the spirit of constructive internationalism. If the first effort fail, they should consult and deliberate, revise their original propositions or offer new ones, coming back again and again, if necessary, in the unalterable conviction that some proposal will ultimately be found that will afford a practical basis for actual peace negotiation."

Now this continuous process of semi-official mediation may, if necessary, be indefinitely lengthy, the war, of course, being in progress in the meantime. Since all decisions rest with the belligerent Governments, nations feeling

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that they are fighting for international righteousness are as free as ever to insist that their principles be accepted by their opponents and to exact guarantees of good faith. The advantage of the plan seems to us to be that a recalcitrant Government has perpetual opportunity to signify acceptance of "the priceless principles at stake," and that the various elements of its people, both individuals and groups, have definite occasion to bring pressure to bear on their Government in favor of such acceptance. It is our earnest hope that some such plan, if carried out, would tend to give speedy victory to the right—would tend to thwart wrong motives and to assist and reward right motives in every country.

JULIA GRACE WALES.

Madison, Wis., September 20.

MISQUOTATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I venture to add to Mr. R. W. Shannon's dictionary of misquotations a single example from Max Eastman's "Enjoyment of Poetry"? It is a trifling error, yet, as a literary phenomenon, not wholly lacking in significance. Mr. Eastman is discussing the popular ballad; by way of illustration, he quotes the whole of "Bonnie George Campbell," the second stanza in the following form:

> Down ran his auld mither,
> Greetin' fu sair,
> Out ran his bonny bride
> Reaving her hair;
> "My meadow lies green,
> And my corn is unshorn,
> My barn is too bigg,
> And my babe is unborn."

And Mr. Eastman adds this comment: "These ballads of the people, though they derive from the fingers of time a touch of perfection not their own, were none the less surely the work of poets. They have a discrimination of emotional atmosphere, an occasional poetic word used with exquisite regard to that, which proves the receiving mind.

> My barn is too bigg

was the choice of a genius."

It would be interesting to know who that genius was. He was not one of the composers or transmitters of the four popular versions or fragments printed by Child, for these, where they have the phrase at all, have "My house is unbigged" (A) or "My barn is to build" (D—which is, of course, the meaning). He was not the editor of any one of the collections accessible to me, he was not Cunningham, who quotes Child's D; he was neither Allingham nor Motherwell, who read respectively "to bigg" and "to big." Who was he? Is it possible that he was Mr. Eastman himself?

Whoever he was, he seems to have quoted from memory; in neither phrasing nor arrangement is his version of the ballad precisely like any that I know. He repeats Allingham's mistake of "Reaving [robbing] her hair" for "Riving [tearing] her hair"; but otherwise his version is no more like Allingham's than it is like Motherwell's. Apparently, then, we have an illustration of corruption in transmission no less interesting than the distorted version of Henley's "Invictus" quoted by Professor Gummere in his "Popular Ballad" from the question-column of a newspaper. "The inquirer," says Dr. Gummere, "is an educated person." Mr. Eastman's genius, however, has fallen into an error typical of the uneducated and characteristic of the oral transmission of poetry. He has failed to understand, and for an unfamiliar word he has substituted a familiar one, as when, in the instance cited by Professor Child from the ballad of "The Gypsy Laddie," "they cast their glamourie owre her" is turned into "they called their grandmother over."

Is "too bigg," after all, the "choice of a genius"? It is a matter of taste, and in a matter of taste Mr. Eastman is likely to be right. Yet I must confess that I prefer "to bigg" as more poetic, more consistent with the context and with the emotional atmosphere. Again, if one writes about these ballads of the people, should not one write about the popular or traditional versions? But that, of course, Mr. Eastman may have done. It would be interesting to know.

WALTER MORRIS HART.

Berkeley, Cal., September 3.

Notes from the Capital

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL.

While battle-lines in the European war are doing their fighting on orders communicated by telephone from airships, it is natural that the name of Alexander Graham Bell should be on the lips of every well-read visitor to Washington, his career having been so largely associated with the transmission of the human voice by wire and with aerial navigation.

Dr. Bell is the typical Scotchman in appearance, speech, and manner. His broad face, framed in a mass of white hair which rises in a great shock above his brow and stands out around his jaws and chin like the unbroken mane of a lion, prepares you for the rattling burr that adds piquancy to whatever he says. He is a man whom you would describe as big rather than large, and the adjective applies to everything about him—his height, his shoulders, his hands, his carriage. I was going to add his voice, but that might convey a false impression: for, though his lungs are as leonine as his head, his long research in the field of vocal phenomena has cultivated in him a soft mode of speaking, with the most varied range of inflexions and an enunciation which is as clear as the stroke of a crystal clock. You are not surprised, after conversing with him, to learn that he began his career as a teacher of elocution and music, and that his first ambition was to become a famous composer.

Indeed, it was originally from his musical studies that he derived the suggestion of the telephone; for his analysis of the principles underlying differences of pitch in the human voice led to other investigations in phonetics, in the course of which he came upon the discovery of Helmholtz that vowel sounds could be reproduced by vibrating metal. The question arose at once in his mind: "If vowel sounds can be thus artificially transmitted, why not consonants also?" And with this began the methodical procession of tests which, reinforced by discoveries made by others in the same and related lines of inquiry, resulted in the telephone, and brought the remotest ends of the earth, to all intents, within speaking distance of each other. In the conquest of the air he has taken the same strides as in the enterprises more closely linked with his name. His experiments have been pretty carefully protected from public curiosity, but apparently have proceeded upon the basis of producing a burden-bearing dirigible kite rather than the cigar-shaped balloon or the mechanical bird, which have captured the world's fancy during the last few years.

Naturally, the student of phonetics became interested in the relief of deafness. His father, Alexander Melville Bell, beginning life as a professor of elocution, by degrees evolved a system of universal speech, whereby any person with the normal equipment of vocal organs, whether able to hear or not, could be taught to produce at will every variety of sound and articulation of which a human being is capable. This led directly to the theory of a visible speech—that is, the possibility of enabling one person, with fair eyesight and intelligence, to read, from the motions of the lips, tongue, teeth, and throat of another, the words and sentences which these organs are forming, regardless of whether any sound is actually uttered or not. From this, again, it was but a step to a system of audible speech by a person who is dumb, provided only that his muteness is not due to the absence of essential organs.

Alexander Graham Bell, as his father's assistant, acquired not only his mastery of his subject, but his enthusiasm as well, and ever since coming to this country in 1870 has devoted time, thought, and means most generously to the improvement of the condition of deaf mutes. He married a Miss Hubbard, who had lost both speech and hearing as the sequel to an illness of her childhood, and who became his most successful pupil. She is able to carry on a conversation by studying the face of her companion, and making audible responses which she cannot hear herself. Dr. Bell has weekly social gatherings at his house during the winter season, at which scientists, inventors, explorers, literary men, and other persons who "do things" come together to talk over whatever is new and striking in their several fields of endeavor; and one of the familiar sights on these occasions is Mrs. Bell listening to a speaker, either—if he be a distant enunciator who keeps his face turned in her direction—by reading his remarks with her eyes, or getting what he says at second hand through its silent repetition by her husband sitting at her side.

A recent philanthropic enterprise of Dr. Bell was interrupted by the outbreak of the European war and the mutual estrangement of the nations engaged in it. He has been for some years trying to induce our Government to promote an international agreement on a universal alphabet—that is, a union of all the peoples of the world in the use of one series of letters representative of sounds which shall be the same everywhere, so that any person who knows his own written language can read and write and pronounce all other written languages, not necessarily understanding them, but with the ability to convey the words to another person. A first step in this programme, of course, would be the establishment of a uniform and fixed relation of visible symbols to sounds in our English tongue, so that, for instance, "cough" will not be pronounced "cow" because "plough" is pronounced "plow." It is hoped that when the world's peace is fully restored, Dr. Bell will resume this effort towards a better understanding among all mankind.

TATTLER.

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Literature

A NEW LIFE OF EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. By O. W. Firkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Firkins is not unaware of the audacity of writing a new life of Emerson, and justifies himself by referring to the fresh material brought out in the "Journals," 1909-1914. As a matter of fact it does not appear that anything of importance for our understanding of the Concord sage has been taken from the "Journals" in print which escaped Cabot in the manuscript. Mr. Firkins might have done better to base his excuse (if any excuse were necessary) on the freshness of his own literary manner and on his high appreciation of Emerson as the philosopher of the future. There is at least the value of novelty in a biography written in the pointed, epigrammatic style of Emerson himself, and the novelty is not lessened by the addition of a subtle literary sense combined, oddly enough, with a pedantic, or perhaps better, pedagogic, meticulousness of method.

The continual use of ethical epigram, by a man whose mind works naturally in that manner, as Mr. Firkins's manifestly does, has this peculiar virtue, that it carries us immediately in the very atmosphere of the Emersonian circle. On page 69 Mr. Firkins quotes at some length Lowell's well-known characterization of the transcendental movement, and, were it not for the greater richness of Lowell's allusions and the keener edge to his sarcasm, one would pass from Mr. Firkins's narrative to his quotation with no jar of transition. And most of his arrow-like sentences, though they may scatter in their flight, come to some goal. Thus, we may point to the efficiency of the few sentences (p. 85) on Bronson Alcott, ending with the summary judgment: "Alcott was cooped up, so to speak, in his infinitudes." Emerson would have omitted the timid "so to speak," and, in his later years at least, if he had had to compress his opinion into a single sentence, would probably have been more caustic to the vapidity of that maundering Plato; but the words of our modern professor, nevertheless, have the right ring of old Concord. Sometimes, it must be confessed, our epigrammatist *se paye de paroles*. He has very early to deal with the influence of Mary Moody on the subject of his biography, and it cannot be said that he brings that cloud-wrapt figure down to the ground. Her personality, he says, "presents the same combination of vividness and blur which is found in the confused magnificence of the few published specimens of her iridescent and mazy rhetoric." The words sound well enough in themselves, but Mr. Firkins has missed his opportunity to show in this portentous woman a foretype of the loose thinking and ecstatic talking which were, unfortunately, to persist through the sturdier examples of transcendentalism and to come out as its characteristic product. He adds: "We are told that the Calvinism of her forefathers had become luminous in the white heat of her enkindling poetic imagination, and that afterwards it had been consumed and turned to ashes by the very ardor of its incandescence." Who first told us this, we do not know; but it is certainly rather a highfalutin way of stating a truth which Emerson, as appears from a quotation immediately following, was able to express in the simplest language. And we are sure that such a maze of words is a disappointing substitute for a clear explanation of the change which lies at the very heart of New England philosophy and which the reader rightly expects to have elucidated in the life of the greatest exponent of that philosophy. Yet as a whole the events of Emerson's life are related with a bustling vividness quite appropriate to the theme, and such important matters as his relation to Kant and German transcendentalism are set forth soundly and memorably, if almost too succinctly. We miss chiefly an adequate treatment of the connection of the New England awakening with the larger sweep of romanticism.

After the biography there follow a series of chapters devoted to a criticism of Emerson's literary art and an exposition of his philosophy. The various subjects here are arranged with exemplary neatness. For instance, the first of these chapters is entitled Emerson as a Prose-Writer, and is divided into sections, each with its appropriate head: Culture, Criticism, Clearness, Coherence, English, Diction, Unbendings, Hyperbole, etc., etc. Nor does the rage for division end here. Under the first section "Emerson's receptivities and opacities" are tabulated conscientiously in two columns in the fashion of a mercantile inventory. One feels almost the pedagogue in the classroom giving out his learning in digestible tablets, or the candidate for the doctor's degree industriously ticketing material for his thesis. Yet if the manner is a little too scholastic, the matter is that of a man steeped in literature and sensitive to the lightest *nuances* of style. The judgment is good, and from this exhaustive and unflinching investigation it is a pleasure to find that Emerson comes out greater in the pure technique of writing than might have been expected. Thus, in the section on Coherence, a minute comparison of two paragraphs from Macaulay brings out the sort of underlying and substantial solidarity achieved by Emerson as contrasted with the formal solidarity due to the use of connectives and other verbal articulations. Again, in the section on Criticism, after citing several aberrations of Emerson's taste, Mr. Firkins proceeds to analyze his critical leanings with a subtlety which cannot be estimated without reading the whole section. The principle of the analysis may be gathered from these three opening paragraphs:

> These judgments may be thought conclusive as to their author, and, indeed, they do peremptorily set aside his claim to *authority* in criticism. The case, however, will repay a little study.
>
> Figure to yourself a passion for literature *as such*, an intense preoccupation with spiritual ends, and an existing world-literature whose ends are for the most part mundane; a great passion crossed and confused by a fundamental misunderstanding; and the difficulties of adequate criticism on Emerson's part become clear.
>
> But if Emerson could extract good from every secular fact in life, why could he not turn the images of secular facts in literature to the same use? The answer may be put thus: the living fact may be insulated, and its spirit is, for Emerson, divine; the literary fact is a constituent of a whole, and the informing spirit is that of an author with whom one is likely to be discordant.

We shall not attempt to follow Mr. Firkins in his analysis of Emerson's philosophy. It is clear and notably penetrating and sound, though we confess to have smiled occasionally at this over-Emersonian's distress at the failure of his master to carry the liberty of thinking and acting always to its logical conclusion. We should scarcely, to refer to an earlier passage, have felt "a tinge of melancholy" over the fact that Emerson, as Overseer of Harvard, voted for compulsory attendance at chapel. The last chapter sums up Emerson's position as "a synthesis and an anticipation." His philosophy was a synthesis because in it we find, as Emerson already found in Plato, a reconciliation of "the many and the one," the everlasting flux and the motionless calm at the heart of things:

> An ample and generous recognition of this transiency and slipperiness both in the nature of things and in man's soul seems more and more a necessary ingredient in any estimate of the universe which shall satisfy the intellect of the coming man. But it seems equally true that the coming man who shall resolve our problems will never content himself with a universe a-tilt, a universe in cascade, so to speak; the craving for permanence in some form cannot be jauntily evaded. Is there any known mind which foreshadows the desired combination so clearly as Emerson's? Who has felt more profoundly the evanescence and evasiveness of things? He not only admits the fact cordially; he triumphs in the instability of the universe. In this endless novelty, this perpetual flux, he finds the authentic evidence of the divine power; as in the Gospel narrative the god is revealed by his power to tread the waves. The life of religion is proved by its transformations, and skepticism, as the agent or condition of these vitalizing changes, is its generous and beneficent support. Yet Emerson was quite as firm in his insistence on a single unalterable reality as in his refusal to believe that any aspect or estimate of that reality could be final.

The dualism that underlies Emerson's philosophy could hardly be better put, and the kind of synthesis, or reconciliation, in which Emerson floated is admirably expressed. So far we follow Mr. Firkins heartily; but we are not so entirely satisfied in his belief that this synthesis anticipates the final solution of the troublesome problems of life. After all, does not the power of religion for ma-

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ture minds depend on its feeling for evil? How otherwise, in fact, shall religion meet those harder questions of experience when its aid is most needed? And in like manner does not the power of philosophy as the *dux vitæ* depend on its acquaintance with the scope and difficulties of skepticism? Both religion and philosophy would seem, therefore, to rest not only on a statement of the dualism of good and evil, knowledge and ignorance, but on a realization of the full meaning and gravity, practical and intellectual, of this dualism. Now Emerson certainly recognizes the dualism of experience, but it may be a question whether he realizes its full meaning and tremendous seriousness. He accepts it a trifle too jauntily; is reconciled to its existence with no apparent pang; is sometimes too ready to wave aside its consequences, as if a statement of the fact were an escape from its terrible perplexities. We know what Carlyle meant when he rebuked Emerson for his inability to see the hand of the devil in human life. Hence it is that Emerson often loses value for men in proportion to their maturity and experience. He is preëminently the poet of religion and philosophy for the young; but as one grows older one is inclined to turn from him, in more serious moods, to those sages who have supplemented insight with a firmer grasp of the darker lessons of history.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

There is a striking if superficial resemblance between this book and the "Boon" volume, which, in spite of his protestations, we were attributing to Mr. Wells the other day. Boon will be recalled as a sort of hapless philosopher, groping for an ideal scheme of things, and continually rebuffed by experience. His story is lightly pieced together by one Bliss, a literary man whom Boon has appointed his executor. Here the same office is done for Benham under similar conditions, by a similar person, one White. Benham, like Boon, is a seeker, and like him dreams a dream of a future racial existence which shall supplant our little divisions of nation and class. But while Boon is a humorist, and so always half-despairing of his quest, Benham is the pure enthusiast, ready to sacrifice everything to the pursuit of his vision. He sees the hope of the race in the development and dominance of a true aristocracy, and his "research magnificent" is a quest for the formula of the aristocrat. He finds it to his own satisfaction: ". . . There is no honor or pride for a man until he refers his life to ends and purposes beyond himself. An aristocrat must be loyal. So it has ever been; but a modern aristocrat must also be lucid; there it is that one has at once the demand for kingship and the repudiation of all existing states and kings. In this manner he had come to his idea of a great world republic that must replace the little warring kingdoms of the present, to the conception of an unseen kingship ruling the whole globe, to his King Invisible, who is the Lord of Truth, and all sane loyalty." . . . "But," says White, "on one side your aristocracy means revolution. It becomes a political conspiracy." "Manifestly," Benham admits. "An open conspiracy. It denies the king upon the stamps and the flag upon the wall. It is the continual proclamation of the Republic of Mankind."

So much for the Research as a mental adventure; we have also here what we did not have in the Boon volume, the story of a man. Benham is shown in all his important human contacts. Three figures stand out among them: his mother, Prothero, his intimate friend, and Amanda, his wife. The mother is a Wellsian figure, a charming empty-headed little woman, who, in Benham's boyhood, has eloped with one man, and, being divorced on his account, has married another. The wages of sin have not been paid. Her lover has left her a fortune, and her second husband is a far better match than her first. Nor is there the social penalty. Of course, she does not understand Benham. Prothero does. Prothero, the gross Cambridge Don, with the flexible brain, and, somehow, the good heart. The chance by which Benham becomes responsible for his death is one of the ironies of the story. As for Amanda, she is even more purely Wellsian than the mother—near kin to Ann Veronica and other predecessors. After a single amour with a woman older than he, Benham has met and precipitately wed this Amanda; beautiful, passionate, and quick of wit, but shallow and worldly at heart. The moment when Benham realizes that she cannot help the Research is the moment of their separation. He leaves her in London to become another man's mistress while he fares upon the quest. For Benham the end comes as the result of a foolhardy protest against the brutality of war—a protest which takes the form of exposing his own body to the fire he wills to stop. A sublime ass—a new Quixote—such as no one could have chronicled with so affectionate and fruitful a ridicule as the author of "Mr. Polly."

Eltham House. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Hearst's International Library Co.

There has never been doubt about the sources of Mrs. Ward's novels. She has always written with a purpose; her stories have always been more or less obviously "problem" stories. The harrowing personal situation, religious, moral, or social, is her special field. In this latest instance she chooses one of the perennial situations—that of the couple who have come together by way of elopement and the divorce courts, and must meet the world thereafter on its own terms. Those terms vary with differences of place and time. One variation of the kind is really Mrs. Ward's theme. The famous story of the Hollands had been brought fresh to her mind, and she found herself wondering "what would have happened to Lord and Lady Holland if they had walked in—with their story—upon the London world of to-day—or, rather, yesterday." The question lingered, and finally took more concrete form: "Reproduce all Lord Holland's advantages and more, a hundred years later, and what could an ambitious man in a similar position do with them? Could he fight it through? And if not, how would the failure react on the woman?"

So come into being—into black and white at least—Alec Wing and his Caroline. Alec is eldest son of a peer of immense wealth and independent life. He has health, beauty, talent, and a natural power over men. His brilliant record at Oxford is expected to fulfil itself in politics. As a boy he has looked forward to winning the highest honors, and his road to them seems most promising, till he meets and appropriates Lady Caroline Marsworth. For him she presently leaves her two adored children as well as her dull husband. Marsworth divorces her, Alec marries her, and they return to London to make what they can out of life. Wing has no serious misgivings. He is used to having the world at his feet, and fancies it to be a liberated world. Even a century before, though Lady Holland had incurred the formal social stigma, Lord Holland had paid no penalty at all. How, in an age of feminism and of free speculation as to the worth of the marriage relation, should Alec Wing, with his talents, his magnetism, his father's wealth, his ambition, expect to fail? How he does fail, and how hapless Caroline pays for his failure, is the substance of the story. Eltham House, that magnificent London palace turned over to the young pair by Lord Wing, is to become a sort of centre and salon; but its triumph is a *tour de force* on Lady Caroline's part; it has no sound social basis, and, in the end, is able to effect nothing towards the career of the adored Alec, now Lord Wing. The rigid Dissenting influence in politics is too strong for him. When he fails in his attempt to buy a place in the Government, and flings off alone out of England to work off his rancor—which is so plainly in part a rancor towards Caroline—our opinion of him is merely confirmed. The chief weakness in Mrs. Ward's situation is that her male protagonist is merely an obstinate weakling. Strip him of his rank, his beauty, his wealth, and there is nothing left. To bring it out fairly, she should have shown a strong man and a strong woman in the situation. Poor Caroline does not lack elements of strength; but Mrs. Ward, after the fashion of all but the greatest novelists, cracks her up to be considerably more than she *shows* her to be. Very likely she may have had all this loveliness, and charm, and intellect: but we have to take her inventor's word for it. Yet we feel that poor Caroline, or the problem in which she is involved, deserved something better than, as it were, the quick Camilling process which conveniently and emotionally removes her from the scene.

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The Prairie Wife. By Arthur Stringer. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

This is an analysis of a woman's soul, brought from the comfort and pampered existence of cosmopolitan society to hand-grips with the gaunt actuality of the bare Northwest, told with delicate, often merciless, psychology. Of plot there is next to none, but the diary-form which is used lends itself to a plasticity of character-drawing that holds the interest to the end. This sort of book is made or spoiled in the handling. It is either very good or very bad. With it all —the wide-eyed, half-eager, half-timorous self-growth of the woman-soul—there is a splendid, stirring picture of the great Northwest, the wheat country of British Columbia. On a limited canvas, and with surprisingly few strokes of his brush, Mr. Stringer manages to sketch in all the typical characters —the health-seeking Oxonian, the Scotch-Irish, the Scandinavian immigrant—the social intercourse, such as it is, the moulding of diverse types, and the brooding spell of the wide spaces.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.

The Collected Papers of John Westlake on Public International Law. Edited by L. Oppenheim. Cambridge University Press. $5.50 net.

The Relation of International Law to the Law of England and of the United States. By Cyril M. Picciotto. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $1.75 net.

Professor Westlake has no tolerance for the idea that international law should be treated as an esoteric branch of study. On the other hand, in his introductory lecture as Whewell professor in the University of Cambridge, he declared that international law was "no more a subject for specialists than home politics are," and he invited to his lectures not only law students and those fitting themselves for diplomatic careers, but all members of the University. Every educated man, in his opinion, ought to follow writers and lecturers on this theme with intelligent appreciation, for all "ought to become interested participators in the international career and tasks which lie before the United Kingdom." Probably no one at the present time is disposed to take issue with Professor Westlake on this point. What are the settled rules of international law, applicable to the present relations of belligerent States? What are the principles to be applied to the novel problems raised by aeroplanes and submarines? What States are violating these rules and principles? What ought neutral Powers to do in the present confused situation? Such are typical questions presenting themselves over and over again to every intelligent citizen of every nation.

While none of these questions is specifically answered in the collected papers of Professor Westlake, the reader will find in them much to aid him in solving various problems presented by the great war. If he applies Professor Westlake's canons of international conduct, he will not hesitate to condemn Teutonic treatment of Belgium and Belgian towns, of the Lusitania and the Arabic, as contrary to the settled usages of international law, and in violation of the modern tendency to improvement in the laws of war. That treatment is justified only by the doctrine that national necessity shall always have precedence over humanity—a doctrine which Professor Westlake abhorred and which he believed modern states were discarding. But our author's canons will not lend themselves to partisan service. They will lead the reader to condemn the Allies' policy of commercial blockade and to question the wisdom of their contraband lists. It is true that the American reader in adopting such views would find himself condemning also former American practices.

Had Westlake been living when the present conflict began, there can be no doubt that his influence would have been thrown against resorting to commercial blockade. Nothing, he declared, had endangered British naval supremacy so much as blockades. They had produced three armed neutralities; and he prophesied that "in any war towards which two or three great maritime Powers should feel as neutrals, commercial blockades would bring down the indignation of those Powers" on Britain's head, and that the United States would not respect them. Westlake's influence might not have availed to save the Allies from their attempt to starve the Teutons, but it would have been powerful. No writer on international law has displayed a happier combination of profound knowledge, sound sense, and fascinating style than is found in these pages. There is no uncertainty either in thought or in expression. His exposition is always luminous, and he deals with controverted topics in a thoroughly judicial manner.

Professor Westlake's view that international law is a part of the law of the land is subjected to careful scrutiny by Mr. Picciotto in his Whewell Scholarship Dissertation. He inquires separately into the relations of international law to the prize law, the statutory law, and the common law of England and the United States, and reaches a conclusion quite at variance with that of Westlake. In his opinion, a rule of customary international law can be considered a part of the common law of a nation only if it has received the assent of that nation. Such a rule can be set aside at any time by an Act of Parliament. When it is so superseded, ordinary courts must ignore it and apply the statutory rule. That a prize court is similarly bound, is Mr. Picciotto's opinion, though he admits that there are judicial deliverances opposed to his view. Whether an Order in Council which is in conflict with customary international law will be enforced by a prize court at the expense of that law, he is in doubt, but believes that if the conflict is too great for reconciliation, the rule of international law will prevail. This is quite in accordance with Sir Edward Grey's note of July 31 to Ambassador Page. After quoting from a decision of Lord Stowell's that his observation and experience attest the general conformity of Orders in Council to the principles of unwritten international law, the note declares that "it is open to any citizen of the United States, whose claim is before the prize court, to contend that any Order in Council which may affect his claim is inconsistent with the principles of international law, and is therefore not binding upon the court. If the prize court declines to accept his contentions, and if, after such a decision has been upheld by the judicial committee of his Majesty's Privy Council, the Government of the United States considers that there is serious ground for holding that the decision is incorrect and infringes the rights of their citizens, it is open to them to claim that it should be subjected to review by an international tribunal."

Here is distinct recognition of the doctrine that international law, as interpreted by an international tribunal, overrules Orders in Council as interpreted by national courts. Mr. Picciotto will do well to note this declaration of the British Government in subsequent editions of his essay.

VOLUMES ON SOUTH AMERICA.

Selling Latin America: A Problem in International Salesmanship. By William E. Aughinbaugh. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2 net.

A Guide to South America. By W. A. Hirst. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.75.

The Argentine in the Twentieth Century. By Albert B. Martinez and Maurice Lewandowski. Translated by Bernard Miall from the French of the third edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Dr. Aughinbaugh wrote his book, we are told in a highly eulogistic preface by Mr. Maurice Switzer, only under protest and after the repeated urgings of his friends. His reluctance to tell what he knows about the South American market shows itself, unfortunately, in the published volume. He does not approach his subject in the first half of the book, which consists of summary descriptions of the different countries, and of which most could readily have been compiled by a competent secretary in any good public library. The remainder of the book is of much higher value. In chapters on business methods and organization, on trade regulations and commercial policy, the author gives the fruit of a varied experience as a salesman in South America, with contributions on many topics outside the field indicated by the title. Dr. Aughinbaugh is a doctor of medicine and a master of laws, a close observer, and an agreeable narrator of the incidents which his many travels have brought to his attention. Whether his book or any book of the kind, can effect a reform

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in the careless methods of American exporters is doubtful. The man cited by him, who was seeking a market for snow ploughs in Brazil, is not of the kind to be diverted from his quest by any printed admonitions. Men of business, like others, learn best by personal experience. The author's catalogue of foolish and entertaining errors in the practice and policy of salesmanship shows at least how rich is the fund of experience already accumulated. To him who seriously wants to learn, the author offers much sensible and practical advice on placing orders, on packing and routing goods, on advertising, on the protection of trade-marks, on the proper methods of conforming to (or evading) vexatious commercial restrictions. The latter part of the book will interest many readers who have no thought of entering the South American market.

Hirst's "Guide," which was ready for the press a year ago, but which was delayed in publication by the outbreak of the war and the military duties falling on the author as an officer of the Yorkshire Hussars, is a welcome addition to the general guide-books on South America. The author has travelled extensively, has read widely, and has supplemented the information which he has himself acquired by much that he has obtained from consular officials. Any one who intends to make a tour in South America will certainly consult Hirst's new book, and will take it with him as a handbook, even if he does not discard Hale's "Practical Guide" and the little book published by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. An introductory chapter suggests plans for a tour of the Continent, discusses the expense, describes the general conditions of travel, and gives sensible advice on preparations for the trip. Ten chapters following take up the countries of South America in alphabetical order, and another chapter is interpolated on the Panama Canal, though the book does not pretend to cover Central America in general, or the West Indies. Rough sketch maps in black and white are provided for the separate countries. Each chapter begins with a general description, geographical, historical, political, and industrial, of the country to which it is devoted. The remainder of the book is arranged on the plan made familiar by the guides of Murray and Baedecker, giving the information desired by travellers under the heads of routes and towns, and closing with a list of books for reading and reference.

"The Argentine in the Twentieth Century" is a standard book on the most important of the South American countries, written by Martinez, an Under Secretary of State of the Republic, in collaboration with Lewandowski, a representative of one of the great French banks. It was published in an English translation in 1911, and the present edition appears to be merely a reissue without change; the title-page announces that it has been "revised and brought up to date," but the statistics, which form a very important part of the book, include no figures since 1909.

Notes

Hilaire Belloc's "High Lights of the French Revolution" will be published shortly by the Century Company.

Harper & Bros. announce for publication early this month William Dean Howells's "Years of My Youth" and two novels, "The Bachelors," by William Dana Orcutt, and "Jan: A Dog and a Romance," by A. J. Dawson.

Henry Holt & Co. have made arrangements to publish "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by Walter Lippman.

The Thomas Y. Crowell Co. announces for immediate publication "Woman and Home," by Orison S. Marden, and "Land Credits, the Farmer's Friend," by Dick T. Morgan.

The Macmillan Company announces the forthcoming publication of "The Kingdom of the Winding Road," by Cornelia Meigs; "The Pilgrim Kings," by Thomas Walsh; "Six French Poets," by Amy Lowell, and "Rivers to the Sea," by Sara Teasdale.

The following volumes are included in E. P. Dutton's list of forthcoming publications: "Katrinka," by Helen E. Haskell; "The Loneliness of Christ," by Robert Keable; "The Political Economy of War," by F. W. Hirst; "Eve Dorre," by Emily Viele Strother; "Unknown Russia," by Alan Lethbridge; "Simple Art Applied to Hand Work," by H. A. Rankin and F. H. Brown (in a new series entitled Practical Books).

The following list of books is announced for publication by George H. Doran Co. on October 23: "The World's Highway," by Norman Angell; "The Bronze Eagle," by Baroness Orczy; "Kings, Queens, and Pawns," by Mary Roberts Reinhart; "Ten Degrees Backward," by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler; "Vagrant Memories," by William Winter; "Jolly Jaunts with Jim," by Charles Hanson Towne; "The Folly of the Three Wise Men," by Edgar Whitaker Work.

October 16 is the date of publication of the following volumes from the press of Houghton Mifflin Co.: "The Fortunes of Garin," by Mary Johnston; "Life and Letters of John Hay," by William Roscoe Thayer; "Buddhist Art in Its Relation to Buddhist Ideals," by M. Anesaki; "A Hilltop on the Marne," by Mildred Aldrich; "The Fall of Tsing-tau," by Jefferson Jones; "More Jonathan Papers," by Elizabeth Woodbridge; "The Log of a Non-Combatant," by Horace Green; "The Normans in European History," by Charles H. Haskins, and a limited edition in the Riverside Press of Montaigne's "Essay on Friendship."

This month's publication by the house of Putnam will include: "A Rogue by Compulsion: An Affair of the Secret Service," by Victor Bridges; "The Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort, 1807-1843," edited with an introduction by George S. Hellman; "The Ethics of Confucius," with commentary by Miles Menander Dawson; "Belgium Neutral and Loyal: The War of 1914," by Emile Waxweiler; "Hermeneutic Interpretation of the Origin of the Social State of Man and the Destiny of the Adamic Race," by Fabre d'Olivet, translated by Nayán Louise Redfield; "Know Your Own Mind," by William Glover. As representative of the Cambridge University Press, the Putnams announce the publication of "An Introduction to Applied Mechanics," by Ewart S. Andrews, and "Miscellanea Evangelica (Christ's Miracles of Feeding)," by Edwin A. Abbott.

The Japanese Alps, a little known part of the country, where village life has remained unchanged for a thousand years, are described by the Rev. W. Weston in the *Geographical Journal* for September. Much light is thrown upon the life of the pygmies of Central African forests by Mr. C. Christy. The gradual development of the instrumental side of geographical science, beginning with the compass, is admirably shown by Sir Clements R. Markham. Among other things, he proved how groundless is the claim, made as recently as at Lisbon in 1907 by the Kaiser himself, that Portuguese discoveries could not have been made without the aid of German science.

Mr. Owen Wister's little book, "The Pentecost of Calamity" (Macmillan; 50 cents), is an eloquent presentation of the author's reflections on the war. Like most bits of eloquence, it is persuasive through the skilful suggestion of mood rather than by force of argument. The author manages to convey to his reader very vividly three impressions: admiration for the peaceful and well-ordered Germany of ante-bellum days, detestation of Germany's long-prepared and malignant assault on the democratic nations of western Europe, sorrow over the moral failure of America in not protesting officially against the invasion of Belgium. In Mr. Wister's opinion, the world is now so unified that an attack on liberty in Europe is an attack on American freedom. The guilt of Germany is assumed, as if it were too gross and palpable for debate. The only form of argument used is to convict the Germans out of their own mouths. The climax of naïve self-betrayal is reached in the remark of the German Ambassador as he was being escorted away from England: "My future is broken. I was sent to watch England and tell my Emperor the right moment for him to strike, when England's internal disturbances would make it impossible for her to fight us. I told him the moment had come." If this startling confession, which Mr. Wister attributes to Prince Lichnowsky on page 93, is authentic, it deserves to be better known.

A former Chaplain to the Forces, the Rev. E. J. Hardy, has published a collection of anecdotes of the British troops in Flanders, under the title "The British Soldier: His Courage and Humor" (London: Fisher Unwin; 3s. 6d. net). The stories, of which there is an infinite variety, are culled from a number of different sources, the note books of soldiers and their letters home, the official reports, the descriptions of newspaper correspondents at the front—or as near to it as newspaper correspondents have been allowed to come—but the chief merit of the volume, as the author modestly claims for it, is as a compilation of extracts from the letters of Mr. Thomas Atkins himself. We are grateful to the author for selecting with a sparing hand passages descriptive of the horrors of the present struggle. These we are sated

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with, and it is a relief to find them in this volume only as a rule in connection with some deed of simple courage or to point the contrast in an anecdote illustrative of the humor of the British soldier. That quality is happily unfailing and finds illustration on most of Mr. Hardy's pages. The following strikes us as rather typical: "He was a wounded soldier who was travelling in a train. At a point on the line where it ran parallel with the road he saw a brand-new Territorial battalion marching up to the front. He stuck his bandaged head out of the door and yelled, 'Are you dahn'earted?' The Terriers, from the colonel to the smallest drummer, shouted, 'No-o-oh!' The wounded man replied, 'Well, you —— soon will be when you get in those trenches.'"

Longmans, Green & Co. have done well to issue in their Pocket Library a new edition of Prof. J. W. Mackail's felicitous prose translations of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics. For the present edition the translation has been modified "so far as was necessary to bring it into accordance with what at present may be regarded as the standard text of Virgil, that of Sir A. Hirtzel in the Oxford Classical Texts." No commendation is necessary of Professor Mackail's graceful translations which have already served as patterns of their art for many generations of students and which, in the present inexpensive and convenient format, will be appreciated by readers, whether Latinists or not, who love Virgil and the lore of the soil.

Among the extensive Muriana, ready or projected, is "Letters to a Friend" (Houghton Mifflin; $3 net), consisting of the letters written to Mrs. Ezra S. Carr—"dear Mrs. Mother Carr"—in the years 1866-1879. These letters, scant and often trifling as they are, hardly merited publication in a separate volume, especially since the relatively few significant passages could easily have been made public in the authorized biography. It must be said, however, that this little book, redolent of Muir's astonishingly energetic and enthusiastic personality, affords very pleasant entertainment to a languid reader; and of course friends of Muir will rejoice at its publication. The letters were written "in the third heaven of the Sierras" that this incurable mountaineer loved so passionately, mainly in the years when he was "observing ice" there. "In dreams I read blurred sheets of glacial writing, or follow lines of cleavage, or struggle with the difficulties of some extraordinary rock-form." An interesting letter, dated October 8, 1872, tells of his finding "a living glacier." Always he is rapturous in his praise of the beauties of nature, beauties "filled with warm God," "so equal in glory, so ocean-like, that to choose one place above another is like drawing dividing lines in the sky." "I will fuse in spirit skies." Characteristic of this indomitable Scot is the moonlight night among the spouts of Upper Yosemite Falls, in the course of which he is struck with a mass of water. "Suddenly I was darkened; down came a section of the outside tissue composed of spent comets. I crouched low, holding my breath, and, anchored to some angular flakes of rocks, took my baptism with moderately good faith. When I dared to look up after the swaying column admitted light, I pounced behind a piece of ice which was wedged tight in the wall, and I no longer feared being washed off." The volume is very attractively printed.

According to the late Professor Bartoli, "il Cristianesimo fece il Medioevo"; and, if there is some exaggeration in the statement, there is more of truth. One of the chief causes which conduced to the dissolution of the Empire was, as Mr. Cotterill admits, the marvellous growth and final triumph of Christianity, and it can hardly be denied that the attitude of the early church towards the old learning was eminently calculated to reduce mankind to a condition of intellectual imbecility. The desire of the Kingdom of Heaven had become the master motive of the Christian Fathers, and, if their intellectual processes were still pagan, pagan learning was frowned upon because the knowledge which would save and perfect was the only knowledge worth having. In the Saturnian age of ignorance which resulted, the statement of St. Paul that "God hath made foolish the wisdom of this world" was regarded for all practical purposes as a dogma of the faith, until, in the tenth century, an Apostolic Legate was not ashamed to declare in the name of the Church that, from the beginning, God had chosen the simple and unlearned to confound the wisdom of the world, and that the vicars of St. Peter and their disciples "needed not to be fattened at the trough of Plato or Virgil or Terence or any other such philosophic swine." The universe narrowed and closed upon the mediæval man till the seen became infinitely little, the unseen infinitely great, and both of them equally real and certain. It is with the history of Italy during this period of Cimmerian night that Mr. H. B. Cotterill deals in his "Mediæval Italy During a Thousand Years (305-1313)" (London: Harrap; 7s. 6d. net). The book belongs to the Great Nations series to which many capable authorities are contributing. It has already produced "Ancient Greece," "Republican Rome," and "Wales," and should form a valuable addition to the libraries of those readers who prefer to absorb their knowledge in a popular form. Authorities are rarely cited, but, judging from Mr. Cotterill's contribution, the general accuracy of the series leaves little to be desired. Only in the two chapters which he devotes to the Italian Republics does he fail to maintain a high level of excellence. The subject is, of course, a difficult one, but materials exist for a far more satisfactory account of the communes than Mr. Cotterill has been able to give us.

The volume is divided into five parts, and to each of these parts is prefixed a short account of the political events of the period under consideration. These "historical outlines," together with various tables and lists, enable the reader to arrange in chronological order the contents of the rest of the chapters, in which the author sketches with a freer hand certain interesting episodes and personalities. These, with the addition of subsidiary chapters, dealing with architecture, art, religion, and literature, make up a really useful book which, if written primarily for the "general reader," will be hardly less welcome to the serious student. Mr. Cotterill is to be congratulated on a very meritorious piece of work. In conclusion, we venture to call his attention to a passage on page 467, line 18. Personally, the reviewer is of opinion that "S. Miniato" should there be substituted for "Pisa," since the fact that Pier della Vigna committed suicide in S. Miniato seems to him to have been definitely established by Prof. G. Rondoni in his learned article in the *Rivista Stor. It.*, vol v. (1888), pp. 38 ff: "La rocca di S. Miniato al Tedesco e la morte di P. d. V." However, the earlier authorities are undoubtedly with Mr. Cotterill, and, as a student of Dante of over forty years' standing, his opinion is worthy of every consideration.

Mark Rutherford's "Last Pages from a Journal," edited by his wife (Oxford University Press), is a worthy supplement to the reflections, often so exquisitely written and so subtly philosophic, which he himself chose for the "Pages from a Journal" and "More Pages from a Journal." Mrs. White confesses to having selected from his notebooks with a sparing hand, inasmuch as her husband had taken great pains in his earlier volumes to reshape his intimate jottings for the press, and to eradicate from them their personal element. It is to be wished that she had been more liberal, for the peculiar charm of this posthumous volume is exactly in its revelation of Mark Rutherford's musing but robust, sanguine but self-controlled, temperament. "Never try to say anything remarkable," runs one entry: "it is sure to be wrong" —and this quietness characterizes all his utterances. But many of the notes let us into the heart of a man who was at bottom a radical, checked by sober reflection and sobering experience, a believer in moral ideas but a hater of the worn dogmas that clothe them, a meliorist but one who knew how slowly must come enduring reforms. One side of his nature is expressed in a note made late in life: "The public evils which weigh upon us most heavily are so formless, so universally penetrating, that it seems hopeless to combat them. Luther had a definite foe. He believed that if he could overthrow the Papacy the world would be regenerated. Happy prophet! What can we do against omnipresent dishonesty, moral skepticism, and modern political methods?" But the very next entry exhibits his sympathy for mercurial temperaments, remarking that to some people the world is never fixed, and "the sky, fields, human beings, philosophy, religion, are fluent and consequently always new: this temper has its delights and its glory." And the succeeding page shows his reasoned faith in the possibilities of change. "We should always be on the watch to see if the common course of life cannot be improved. Custom blinds us to such a degree that we go on day after day doing the stupidest things, though the right way is close at hand." Most of the reflections, however, are of an abstractly ethical or philosophic cast. We learn of his belief that in our time religion grows from morals rather than *vice versa*, springing of itself from a character pure and healthy; we see his contempt for people whose "principles are chucked into them by chance," but who stand by them obstinately; and his emphasis on the social aspect of life comes to the fore in such a declaration as that no view is worth a happy hour with a friend, or is compensation for a drop of bile in the wrong place.

The volume is rounded by a number of essays and narrative sketches, either written during Mark Rutherford's last years or then revised. The essays are in general literary; they show no particular acuteness, but they reveal Mark Rutherford's special liking for a number of authors—notably for the writings of Milton and Wordsworth, and for the personalities of Johnson and Bunyan. His

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narratives are of a piece with the chronicles of Tanner's Lane, and, while not striking in any creative way, have the modest veracity and thoughtful characterization of his novels. The impression of monotony given by his longer pieces of fiction is not noticeable in them. One autobiographical fragment of some note is the paper entitled "George Eliot as I Knew Her."

No more interesting or dramatic story of railway building is to be found anywhere than that of China's six thousand miles of line, constructed in an atmosphere of diplomatic intrigue that has displayed at its worst the selfishness and greed of the predatory nations. We do not readily associate the railway with this land of mystery, in which the principal means of transportation of passengers are "the sedan chair, the mule litter, the cart, horses, mules, and donkeys," and of commodities, "barrows, pack horses, mules, donkeys, camels, and for short distances oxen." It does not surprise us to learn from "Railway Problems in China," by Mongton Chih-Hsu (Longmans; $1.50), that when the first railway was completed in 1876, with a two-and-one-half-foot gauge, and a locomotive was put on the rails, contrary to an agreement that only animals should be used as motive power, vigorous protests were made by the imperilled community. When a laborer was actually run over and killed, the concession was cancelled and the rails and the rolling stock were shipped to the Island of Formosa.

Up to the war with Japan in 1894 little was accomplished, although modern transportation as an institution was officially recognized by the Government in 1884, when, in its war with France, it became convinced of the military value of the railway. But with the Japanese victory ten years later, and the necessity of raising money by loans to satisfy the Japanese indemnity, there began that disgraceful exploitation of China's resources which has as yet no ending. Before this, no railway concession had been granted to a foreigner. From that time on, for the next ten years, there was a series of humiliating bargains, in which concessions, spheres of influence, and the alienation of sovereign powers were the usual terms. A railway loan was a political problem involving all the intricacies of international diplomacy. It is no wonder that a Boxer rebellion resulted. Beginning with the Russo-Japanese war and extending to the present time, there are evident a stirring of native enterprise and a determination that the Government shall exercise greater control over foreign loans. A distinct movement towards Government ownership and operation is at work, but its realization is hampered by lack of funds and by conflicts of jurisdiction between the provincial and the central authorities. Dr. Hsu has told his story vividly and well, giving his main attention to the international situation, but describing in detail the various railway undertakings, completed and projected. He finds China's greatest menace in the aggressive policy of Russia and of Japan. Apparently China's only real friend in whom she has entire confidence is the United States. This monograph should be read by those who would inform themselves on the various methods of political exploitation, masquerading in the pious garb of "commercial expansion." As railway projects, the lines of China can have but little interest. This is evident when we consider that China, with nearly twice our area and over four times our population, has a railway mileage which, all told, is only about one-fortieth of our own. The commercial surface has as yet scarcely been scratched.

Popular studies of the Græco-Roman world in the time of Christ appear to be in great demand. One of the most recent of them, emanating from the pen of Prof. S. Angus, of the University of Sydney, is entitled "The Environment of Early Christianity" (Scribner; 75 cents net), and forms the latest volume in the excellent series known as Studies in Theology. The purpose of the book is "to survey the ancient world in which Christianity was first planted, and to present a brief account of the genius and achievements of the three great peoples to whom the Gospel was first offered." In keeping with this purpose, the author discusses the new era which began with Alexander the Great, the social, moral, and religious conditions of the Græco-Roman period, the characteristics of the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman, closing with an estimate of Hellenistic Greek—a subject in which the author is perfectly at home—and an intimation that "Christianity is the synthesis of and the authority for the truths proclaimed by all systems." A serviceable bibliography is appended. Dr. Angus has not only read his sources, but has reflected upon them, with the result that the reader has at his disposal an uncommonly good book.

Two recent publications of the University of Chicago Press, namely, "The Bixby Gospels" and "The Freer Gospels," contain collations by Prof. E. J. Goodspeed of two Greek manuscripts of the Gospels which are in the possession, respectively, of Mr. W. K. Bixby, of St. Louis, and Mr. C. L. Freer, of Detroit. The Freer manuscript has already been made accessible to scholars by Prof. H. A. Sanders, who published both a facsimile edition of this fifth- or fourth-century uncial and a collation of its text based on the Oxford (1880) edition of the Textus Receptus. The independent collation of Dr. Goodspeed is made on the basis of the text of Westcott and Hort. The Bixby manuscript, a cursive probably of the eleventh century, is less important, its text being in general "very close to that of Stephanus." The collation is based on the Lloyd-Sanday edition of the Received Text.

In "Nelson's Legacy" (Scribner; $4.50), Frank Danby gives a well-considered account of the extraordinary career of the charming adventuress who was the mother of children by Capt. Willett Payne, by Sir Henry Featherstonehaugh, and by Lord Nelson, and who is known to history as Lady Hamilton. The author knows how to make up appropriate imaginary conversations which accord well with what is known from authentic sources of the character of Lady Hamilton and her companions. With commendable moderation details are omitted which might offend the susceptibilities of those to whom truth is less grateful than delicacy. Lady Hamilton's life, as it is told here, is something in the nature of a homily upon the evanescent nature of fortune won by means inconsistent with virtue. The charm which she exercised over Romney is fitly recalled by the reproduction of several of his portraits of her.

Science

SURGERY IN WAR.

A Surgeon in Belgium. By H. S. Souttar, Assistant Surgeon, West London Hospital, late Surgeon-in-Chief, Belgium Field Hospital. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40 net.

This book is a vivid portrayal of the effect of invasion on the cities, villages, and the inhabitants of Belgium. It gives the impression of having been written at white heat. While of tragic interest to the general reader, it should be especially recommended to those American surgeons who contemplate service in a base or field hospital:

A surgeon is required who can deal with desperate emergencies and pull impossible cases out of the fire—a young man who does not believe in the impossible, and who can adapt himself to conditions of work that would make an older man shudder, and a man who will never believe what he is told until he has seen it for himself. For the conditions of work at the front are utterly different from those of civil practice, and it is impossible for any man after many years of regular routine to adapt himself to such changed environment. The long experience of the older man will be of far more use at the base, and he will have plenty of difficulties to contend with there.

I have often been told that there is no opening for skilled surgery at the front. In my opinion there is room for the highest skill that the profession can produce.

Dr. Souttar, like every other surgeon who has been on duty in the war zone, reports that the battle with infection is the fiercest battle that is being waged by the medical men at the front. He adds that his most efficient treatment of infected wounds was exposure to the air; the open-air treatment being usually attended by improvement not only of the lesion, but in the general condition of the patient. The most difficult cases were fractured thighs, infected as they were invariably, and complicated by the loss of bone, deleted by the high-power missile which caused the wound. He used Lane's method of fixation of simple fractures, replacing the missing bones by long steel plates attached to the remaining bones by steel screws. He states that, in his opinion, it is folly to remove a bullet from any wound unless it interferes with some important structure. Spinal anæsthesia was employed for abdominal cases, and chloroform as the general inhalation anæsthetic, the latter being well borne by the absteminous Belgians.

Lack of professional jealousy, eager helpfulness on the part of all classes, a general exemplification of *noblesse oblige*, are among the good products of war—a tale which is told in each chapter of this book.

The tremendous labors which confront the surgeon in Belgian hospitals, and we may well believe practically everywhere where the fighting is intense, are demonstrated by the fact that in five weeks at Furnes, as Dr.

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Souttar reports, one thousand cases were cared for in one hundred beds.

As to the future of Belgium, Dr. Souttar says:

The problem of the children of Belgium will be one of the most serious to be faced when the war is over. There will be a great number of orphans, while many more will be simply lost. They must not be adopted in England, for to them Belgium will look for her future population. There could be few finer ways in which we could show our gratitude to the people of Belgium than by establishing colonies over there where they could be brought up in their own country, to be its future citizens. It would form a bond between the two countries such as no treaty could ever establish, and Belgium would never forget the country which had been foster-mother to her children.

One suggestion made by Dr. Souttar might well be considered by every large city—the need for a base hospital to which patients could be transferred for convalescence after their first treatment "at the front"—that is, in the wards of the city hospital. "I wonder," he says, "how long it will be before each of the great London hospitals has its own base down in the country, with its own motor ambulances and its own ambulance coaches to carry its patients in comfort by rail to surroundings where they could recover as can never be possible in the middle of the London slums. And as to getting the staff to look after it, there would probably be a waiting-list for the week-ends!"

Dr. Souttar has drawn conclusions from his experiences "as a surgeon, as a Briton, and as I hope a civilized man." We have quoted some of his conclusions in two of these capacities; it would not be fair, therefore, to close the book without the concluding paragraph, which seems to exemplify his point of view as a patriotic Briton:

This war is not of our choosing, and we shall never ask for peace. The sword has been thrust into our hands by a power beyond our own to defend from a relentless foe the flag which has been handed down to us unsullied through the ages, and to preserve for the world the freedom which is the proudest birthright of our race. When it is sheathed, the freedom of the world from the tyranny of man will have been secured.

Prof. William Watson, secretary of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences since 1884, and an authority on technical education, who died on September 30, was born in Nantucket, Mass., January 19, 1834, the son of William and Mary Macy Watson. He graduated from the engineering department of Harvard in 1857, and then became a member of the Harvard faculty as instructor in differential and integral calculus at the Scientific School, where he remained until 1859. After studying at the University of Jena, where he received the degree of Ph.D., he went to Paris and took a course at the Ecole Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées. Returning to this country, he lectured at Harvard from 1863 to 1864. During his stay in Europe he collected information on technical education which was made the basis of a scheme of organization of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in which he was professor of mechanical engineering and descriptive geometry from 1865 to 1873. In that year Professor Watson was United States Commissioner to the Vienna Exposition, and in 1878 he was a member of the international jury of the Paris Exposition. The same year he was elected honorary president of the Paris Congress of Architects and vice-president of the International Congress of Hygiene. He was also honorary president of the engineering section of the French Association for the Advancement of Science in 1878, 1881, 1883, and 1889, and in the last year he served also as vice-president of the International Congress of Construction. He was secretary of the World's Columbian Water Commerce Congress in 1893. Professor Watson was a member of many American and foreign scientific societies, and was the author of a number of scientific and mathematical works.

Drama and Music

MODERN VIENNA.

Three Plays by Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

The three plays by Arthur Schnitzler, "The Lonely Way," "Intermezzo," and "The Countess Mizzie," which constitute a recent volume in the Modern Drama series, edited by Edwin Björkman, have qualities which make them well worth the reading. The English translation, though somewhat awkward and artificial in places, reflects enough of the spirit and manner of the original to show the uncommon literary merit of the dialogue, the keen sense of characterization possessed by the author, and his intimate acquaintance with that particular phase of modern society which he so minutely, skilfully, and often brilliantly depicts. In an interesting but not very judicious preface Mr. Björkman intimates that the true value of Schnitzler's art can only be fully appreciated by those conversant with the atmosphere and spirit of modern Vienna. That is as it may be. Certainly the personages introduced by the dramatist bear all the external attributes of veracity. They act and talk naturally, in accordance with their presumed stations, and frequently with a pleasant disregard of what are ordinarily supposed to be theatrical necessities. To this extent they are realistic, but they are selected types—of a kind to be found in all metropolitan communities, but not specially characteristic of them—and, in the aggregate, form eccentric groups which cannot be accepted as fairly representative of life in its broader and general aspects. The philosophy which most of them follow is abominably selfish, shallow, immoral, and materialistic, and although it is possible to enjoy and admire the naturalness, veracity, variety, and imaginativeness of their discourse, it is difficult to feel much concern in their fate. Dramatically, the plays are weak, not so much because they are deficient in plot or action, as because there is so little in them to excite honest human interest.

"The Lonely Way" is infinitely the finest work of the three. In many ways it is a masterly composition and, from one point of view, it enforces a potent and tragic lesson. Actually, the play is a tragedy, although written mainly in the mood of comedy, of which the illustration, if not the theme, is the emptiness and hopeless loneliness of lives devoted wholly to self-indulgence, without regard to the welfare or sufferings of others. Both the principal characters, Julian Fichtner, the artist, and Stephan von Sala, the dilettante poet and explorer, are egoists of the completest kind. Prosperous, accomplished, popular, both have recognized in self-gratification the ruling principle of their existence. The former sacrificed love, faith, and honor to his artistic ambition and passion for freedom, the other abjured every tie of love or friendship rather than compromise the irresponsible liberty he enjoyed. In purchasing their own exemption from care, both brought disgrace and sufferings to others, and, in the end, found themselves utterly alone, barred from the human sympathy and communion which they had consistently denied. Fichtner, in middle age, yearning for the love of an illegitimate son, disgracefully foisted upon an unconscious foster-father, is bluntly told by the youth that he has forfeited all paternal rights and esteem, while Sala, after coolly proposing concubinage to a woman (daughter of a trusting friend) who has confessed her love, commits suicide when he hears that she has drowned herself. The two men are finely and consistently drawn—each is a distinct, vital, and brilliant study—and logically and fitly reap the crop of their own sowing. They might supply the backbone of a very strong sociological drama. But they are intellectual fictions rather than human beings, for all their external verity, and they move among personages who belong in the same category. Professor Wegrat, who confides utterly in the wife who has grossly deceived him, and ignorantly accepts as his own the child of his intimate friend, is the most human of the lot; but even in him the indifference to everything but his scholastic duties is an unsympathetic trait. In behalf of the wife there is nothing, or very little, to be said in the way of excuse or exoneration. The dreamy love-sick daughter is an abnormal creature, invented for the part she is to play. Neatly as the puppets move in their appointed grooves, their very assemblage in one group suggests their invention for a special purpose, and, for all their realism, prevents their acceptance as living realities or true examples of normal conditions. Nowhere is there any hint that they are exhibited with moral or satirical intent. They are presented as actualities fairly representative of the daily human comedy in Vienna. A more reasonable assumption is that they were conceived in a fit of materialistic pessimism. That

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there is a measure of truth in the fiction and a sound moral for those capable of extracting it, is indisputable, but the prevailing spirit is one of hard, glittering, intellectual cynicism, altogether unwholesome and uninspiring.

"Intermezzo," much lighter in substance and quality than "The Lonely Way," is an exceedingly clever study of the artistic temperament, in which morality plays no part. It is exaggerated, but of its essential verity, as a bit of possible experience in stage life, nobody familiar with the subject would have much doubt. Some of the psychology, especially in the case of the woman, may be open to question, but the whole piece is brilliantly written, contains a number of effective situations, and shows an intimate acquaintance not only with the conditions existing in the musical world, but with human nature in general. It is marked by a pervasive cynicism, but is by no means destitute of genuine emotion. Of this latter quality there is scarcely any trace in "The Countess Mizzie," in which cynicism reigns supreme. In this one-act play the heroine, a supposed spinster of nearly forty, carrying on an intrigue with her music teacher, is suddenly informed by Prince Egon, an old lover, now a widower, that he has reared and adopted their illegitimate son, whom she had supposed to be dead. She receives the youth without the least surprise or emotion, summarily dismisses her professor (of whom the Prince knows nothing) and has apparently made up her mind to marry her original seducer, and play the part of stepmother, when the curtain falls. Incidentally she gives a hearty welcome to her father's mistress, who is about to marry, and thanks her for the kindness she has shown to her parent. The sole merit of the story lies in the manner of its relation. In all three plays the characters speak and act as if totally unconscious of the finer instincts and principles upon which the foundations of any civilized society must rest. With scarcely an exception, they personify an immoral selfishness thinly disguised by a veneer of modern culture. Such drama, however clever, is not precious. The more brilliant it is, indeed, the more pernicious it is likely to prove. J. RANKEN TOWSE.

"THE NEW YORK IDEA."

Miss Grace George, who last week initiated her programme of a repertory company at the Playhouse, was wise in her first choice of play. Mr. Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea," in which, as our readers will remember, Mrs. Fiske appeared nine years ago, has sparkle and depends for its success largely upon the acting. This furnishes a combination with which any competent company might well be content. The piece is not farce, which puts supreme emphasis upon sheer situation; it is farce comedy of the sort which allows ample opportunity for the depiction of manners. When the divorced Mrs. Karslake, by her unconventionality, sets on edge the household of her divorced fiancé, Judge Philip Phillimore, the fun is got not so much from thought of the disarrangement caused in a solid family that regularly reads the *Evening Post*, as from watching its various effects upon individual members. This is manifestly a comedy of manners, and though artificial, and thus, strictly speaking, incredible, is scarcely more so than certain dashing dramas of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Indeed, as the play was presented by Miss George and her company there was a suggestion of luxurious make-believe.

The New York "idea," at the hands of Mr. Mitchell, is, of course, the easy road to divorce upon which fashionable society is supposed to tread by preference. Only, in the particular instance which provides the main situation, the divorce is premature, since both parties to it, as it transpires, have continued to love each other all the while, even though the wife, having decided to entrust herself to a "second sober choice," just escapes marrying another. The author has preferred to treat this situation briskly instead of attempting a subtle psychological study of unwitting love, though he naturally stresses the theme in the last act, when the lovers are brought together. On the whole, the play is a clever adaptation to American conditions of a kind of play which is as old as Wycherley and on occasion as brilliant as "She Stoops to Conquer."

The level of acting in this company was surprisingly even. Miss George gave a sound performance in the part of Cynthia Karslake; she was free from the mannerisms which have spoiled much otherwise skilful acting of late, and she brought out in rich measure the tantalizing charm of the author's conception. It was only towards the close of the final act—and for this the author was largely to blame—that the spell of her performance was broken. As Philip, Lumsden Hare had a rôle for which he was well fitted—a rôle in which a dignified appearance counts for quite as much as acting. Besides these two, the company includes Conway Tearle, Ernest Lawford, Mary Nash, and Albert Reed, all of whom deserve commendation. F.

"THE PRINCESS PAT."

Hopes of a revival of the almost lost art of light opera, flattered last year by "The Lilac Domino," are further raised by the production at the Cort Theatre of "The Princess Pat." Victor Herbert's music is pleasing, full of color, and cleverly orchestrated; the book of Henry Blossom is not to be highly commended for any sparkling wit, but at least the story, though ancient, which is no drawback, is coherent and clearly told; the lyrics are not without some bearing on the plot, are occasionally clever, and are written in accordance with the elementary rules of prosody. A Neapolitan love song and a love duet in the second act and an Irish song in the third are musically so much above the average of the so-called light opera of Broadway that one is tempted by them, in the enthusiasm of relief, to exaggerate the merits of the production as a whole.

"The Princess Pat" is not by any means Gilbert and Sullivan come back to delight the world, but it differs from legitimate comic opera not in kind, as do most musical productions, but only in degree. Even that difference is minimized, so far as is possible, by the selection of the best cast that has been gathered together for a musical play in many seasons. Miss Eleanor Painter, who made a striking success last year in "The Lilac Domino," may justly be regarded as the hope of American light opera. Her voice, not strong, but perfectly trained and of delightful timbre, ideally meets the requirements of this type of production, and in addition she is a clever actress, is exceedingly pretty, and dances gracefully. In her acting this year the present critic seemed to notice, with regret, a hint of the sophistication of the popular prima donna replacing the absolute simplicity and lack of self-consciousness which was so delightful a feature of her performance in "The Lilac Domino" last season. Miss Eva Fallon, who played an important part on extremely short notice, gave a performance that was a good deal more than merely creditable. In Joseph R. Lertora, an American Italian, the management has found an operatic hero who not only possesses a high baritone voice of unusual quality, but knows how to act and makes a manly lover. The comedy is distributed among a number of parts. Alexander Clark, as Si Perkins, plays the rôle of a village sheriff in the manner that convention attributes to such a character. Al Shean is amusing as Anthony Schmalz, a *nouveau riche* of pronounced German origin, who, in alluding to an Italian rival, remarks that he hates "these foreigners." The genuine comedian of the play is, however, Sam B. Hardy, who, in the part of an adventurer, is constantly entertaining and obtains his effects quietly and by means of entirely legitimate comedy. To Mr. Hardy's performance may be attributed a good deal of the success of the piece, which is beyond comparison the best comic opera seen in New York this season, and is likely so to continue. S. W.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford is a clever writer, and she has put some excellent literary work into her three-act play, "A Woman Alone" (Scribner). This is a revised and amplified version of the piece which had some experimental performances in London some time ago. The theme, as the title implies, is the rights of women and the relations of the sexes, and the two sides of the question are argued, with no little dialectical skill, by the husband and wife, who are protagonists. The moral enforced is that in the long run nature is likely to prove more potent than theories or argument. As drama the parable would have been much more convincing if the contestants had been of less antipodal types. Each, of course, in his or her respective ways, is a paragon, and both are madly in love with each other. Richard Bowden, the husband, is an intellectual conservative, a shrewd observer and close student, with a hatred of publicity and all 'isms, a bit of a misanthrope, and a profound believer in the old-fashioned woman, the goddess of the home and the mother of good men. Blanche, his wife, with whom he fell in love at first sight, is a brilliant creature, raised in Vienna, amid the fine discussions of literary, artistic, and political salons, who entertains the most advanced ideas concerning woman's place in the activities of the world. She starts a salon in London, fills it with politicians, writers, artists, actors, visionaries—the whole "ambubaiarum collegia"—and drives her retiring, contemplative husband almost frantic with her continual exhortations to him to do something or

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be somebody. A serious quarrel (an admirably written scene) ensues when he insists upon her leading a life more in accordance with his ideas, and he finally decides to leave her —without any legal form of separation—to go her own way, while he goes his. For a year or two, both loving, they remain apart, he writing a great book, and she striving to fill the void in her heart by engaging in all sorts of unproductive activities. But presently her old admirers and flatterers find a new idol. She grows lonely, and the sight of the happiness of a friend, an exultant young wife and mother, makes her utterly miserable. So she begs her husband to take her back on any terms, and he, loving her more than ever, and ready to grant her wider liberty, is only too glad to fold her again in his arms. The story is very well told, but is too evidently devised for the support of a particular thesis to carry much significance with it. Both consistency and probability are severely strained in the original mutual fascination of the couple, their quarrel, their conduct during separation, and their blissful reunion. The literary quality of the play, however, is of a decidedly superior order, and few persons would dispute the truth of the general proposition that, for the sake of true love, women, and men also, would willingly sacrifice much. But then, on the other hand, true love does not demand sacrifices, it makes them.

Among the musical entertainments to be given this season under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences are five concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra; five by the New York Symphony Orchestra; three chamber-music concerts by the Kneisel Quartet; song recitals by Schumann-Heink, Kitty Cheatham, David Bispham, Paul Althouse, George Harris, Julia Culp, Melba; violin and piano recitals by Kreisler, Elman, Spalding, Josef Hofmann, Percy Grainger, Mme. Laginska, and Ernest Schelling.

The genuine Japanese Madama Butterfly, Tamaki Minra, who appeared successfully in London in Puccini's opera not long ago, made her American début last week in Chicago. She will also be heard in New York and Boston as a member of the Boston Opera Company.

Among the soloists engaged to appear in Boston with its Symphony Orchestra are Farrar, Melba, Paderewski, Kreisler, Rosenthal, Harold Bauer, Ruth Deyo, and Ernest Schelling. The manager of these concerts, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, announces that after this season subscription tickets will not be sold at auction, subscribers being allowed to retain their seats from year to year, as is the case with other orchestral organizations.

New works by American composers, including Walter Damrosch himself, are to be a prominent feature of the New York Symphony Society's concerts to be given this season in Aeolian Hall, under his direction. The novelties of Damrosch will be selections from his incidental music to "Medea" and "Iphigenia in Aulis," which he composed for the performances of those Greek plays at the University of California. The other American composers represented are John Alden Carpenter, Victor Kolar, David Stanley Smith, and Daniel Gregory Mason.

The seventy-fourth season of the Philharmonic Society of New York opens in Carnegie Hall on Thursday evening, October 28; the next day marks the first of the Society's regular Friday afternoon series. The Philharmonic announces, as usual, twelve Thursday evenings, sixteen Friday afternoons, four Saturday evenings, and twelve Sunday afternoons in Carnegie Hall, and two concerts for young people in Aeolian Hall. A Bach-Beethoven Festival has been arranged for the month of January, at which the Philharmonic will be assisted by the Oratorio Society of New York, Louis Koemmenich, conductor. The two organizations will coöperate in productions of the Bach "Magnificat" and the Beethoven Ninth Symphony. The performances of the Festival are included in the regular Thursday evening, Friday afternoon, and Sunday afternoon series of the Society, and the "Magnificat" and Ninth Symphony will also form one of the programmes of the Brooklyn concerts. The list of Philharmonic soloists contains the names of almost all the great visiting artists, among them: Fritz Kreisler, Arrigo Serato, Francis Macmillan, Maximilian Pilzer, Yolanda Mero, Harold Bauer, Ernest Hutcheson, Ernest Schelling, Percy Grainger, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Pablo Casals, Leo Schulz, and Beatrice Harrison. There are also Olive Fremstad, Elisabeth Van Endert, Melanie Kurt, Julia Culp, and Emmy Destinn.

Finance

THE SPECULATION ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

A week in which, with speculation on the Stock Exchange running wild and the "outside public" buying without restraint at the top of a violent advance, transactions have averaged 1,500,000 shares in each full business day, as against a usual average of less than half a million, would be a notable landmark in itself. This record has been exceeded on several previous occasions—by the 8,400,000 shares of the second week of November, 1908, for instance, the 10,500,000 shares of the third week of August, 1906, and the 15,400,000 of the week ending May 4, 1901—when sales on the single day of April 30 rose to 3,200,000 shares. But the frantic violence of this week's speculation, the furious alternate advances and declines, and the obvious fact that the speculative outside public has been the dominant influence, led old hands on the Stock Exchange to agree that nothing quite like it had been witnessed since the enormous speculation of 1901.

There are several particular resemblances to that episode. One is the fact that Wall Street itself, on both occasions, believed the "boom" already to have gone too far; tried to check it, and yet was swept along with the torrent. The tales in the newspapers this week, of huge speculative winnings by barbers, dressmakers, and trust accounts established for people's babies, exactly duplicate the similar publications of the final week of April, 1901. The physical exhaustion of the office forces of Wall Street commission houses, which led to the suggestion this week of a special Stock Exchange holiday so as to enable them to catch up with their office work, was a reminder of the time when, on Saturday, April 27, 1901, an arbitrary holiday of this sort was actually declared.

Such parallels make the question interesting to the new Wall Street generation, How did the famous speculation end in 1901? That "bull market" really reached its climax when professional Wall Street, well before the end of April, began to fear the consequences, and tried to extricate itself. This happened when the outside public was at its highest pitch of mania; with the result (as in this present week) of violent alternate upward and downward movements, in a single day, of 5 or 10 points apiece. On the 9th of May, when Northern Pacific stock was accidentally cornered, the whole market took sudden fright —it had been looking everywhere for trouble—and stocks broke 25 to 30 points within an hour.

The "outside public" was an enormous loser; it withdrew, sober and wiser. The "boom" itself was over for nearly a year. Yet it was far from easy, at the height of the mania of 1901, and it has not been easy on this occasion, to predict the immediate fortunes of a stock market in which such influences have prevailed. Especially at times when bank reserves are overflowing, and the precautionary signals of a tightening money market are therefore lacking, the naming of the exact moment when the ship will go ashore is impossible. It will often plunge along with triumphant immunity, for days and weeks after the pilot has been thrown over by the excited crew. Still signs of another sort have multiplied that the end of this infatuated business cannot be very far away. Sober capitalists withdrew from the market weeks ago; last week witnessed the manœuvres of professional Wall Street operators to withdraw.

As is usual on such occasions, their withdrawal is not characterized by visible and general liquidation. On the contrary, the invariable programme is to bid up one set of stocks with sudden violence while selling heavily in another group. The process alternates with great rapidity; it naturally causes the utmost confusion in the course of prices; but it serves to conceal from the excited mob of outside speculators just what is really going on, and the end of the whole performance always takes them in complete surprise. These are the axioms in the history of all such episodes, and every man of experience and observation knows what stage in the progress towards the reckoning was reached last week. Sometimes the end comes because of sudden and disconcerting news; sometimes because of a single occurrence in the market which frightens because it is not understood. Sometimes a market of the sort seems to topple over purely of its own weight. As to all this, we shall presently see what we shall see.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Allen, E. S. The House of Gladness. Phila.: Griffith & Rowland Press. $1.25 net.
Bank, W. D. Treasure. Doran. $1.25 net.
Cather, W. S. The Song of the Lark. Houghton Mifflin. $1.40 net.
Cody, H. A. If Any Man Sin. Doran. $1.25 net.
Dreiser, T. The Genius. Lane. $1.50 net.
Lutz, G. L. H. The Obsession of Victoria Gracen. Lippincott.
Moffat, E. S. Hearts Steadfast. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Peattie, E. W. Lotta Embury's Career. Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Sidgwick, E. Duke Jones. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35 net.
Walton, G. L. Peg Along. Lippincott.
Whiting, R. R. The Judgment of Jane. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Wylie, I. A. R. The Temple of Dawn. Doran. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Berle, A. A. The School in the Home. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Duncan, N. Australian Byways. Harper. $1.75 net.
Ellis, H. Affirmations. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Kobbe, G. Modern Women. Moffat, Yard. $1 net.
Machen, A. The Bowmen and Other Legends of the War. Putnam. 75 cents.
Rhodes, H. In Vacation America. Harper. $1.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Soares, T. G. The Social Institutions and Ideals of the Bible. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.
Strickland, F. L. Foundations of Christian Belief. Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cushing, H. A. Voting Trusts. Macmillan.
Guide to the Law and Legal Literature of Spain. Washington: Government Printing Office.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bland, J. O. P. Germany's Violation of the Laws of War 1914-15. Putnam. $2 net.
Falls, C. Rudyard Kipling. Mitchell Kennerley.
Fish, C. R. American Diplomacy. Holt. $2.75 net.
Snider, D. J. Goethe's Life-Poem. St. Louis, Mo.: Sigma Pub. Co.
Sprague, F. M. Made in Germany. Pilgrim Press. $1 net.

TRAVEL.

Comstock, S. Old Roads from the Heart of New York. Putnam. $2.50 net.

POETRY.

Chesterton, G. K. Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.
Conkling, G. H. Afternoon of April. Houghton Mifflin.
Don Marquis. Dreams and Dust. Harper. $1.20 net.
Stray Gold. A Rambler's Clean-Up. By R. G. T. St. Paul, Minn.: St. Paul Book & Stationery Co.

SCIENCE.

Caldwell, O. W., Eikenberry, W. L., and Pieper, C. J. A Laboratory Manual for Work in General Science. Ginn. 50 cents.
Moore, F. G. Porta Latina. A Reading Method. Boston: Ginn.
Pusey, W. A. Syphilis as a Modern Problem. American Medical Association.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Chaloner, J. A. The Serpent of Old Nile. North Carolina: Palmetto Press. 50 cents.
Dickinson, T. H. The Case of American Drama. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

ART.

Bragdon, C. Projective Ornament. Rochester, N. Y.: The Manas Press.

JUVENILE.

Brown. A. F. Kisington Town. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Burton, C. P. Camp Bob's Hill. Holt. $1.25 net.
Ludlum, W. The Scissors Book. Putnam. $1 net.
Miller, O. T. The Children's Book of Birds. Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Giese, W. F. Alarcon's Novelas Cortas. Ginn. 75 cents net.

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THE NATION

Will Be Published on
OCTOBER 14, 1915

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From Page's List

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NOTE: There are also a few copies remaining of the 1915 POLLYANNA CALENDAR, which will be supplied at net $1.00; carriage paid, $1.10.

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